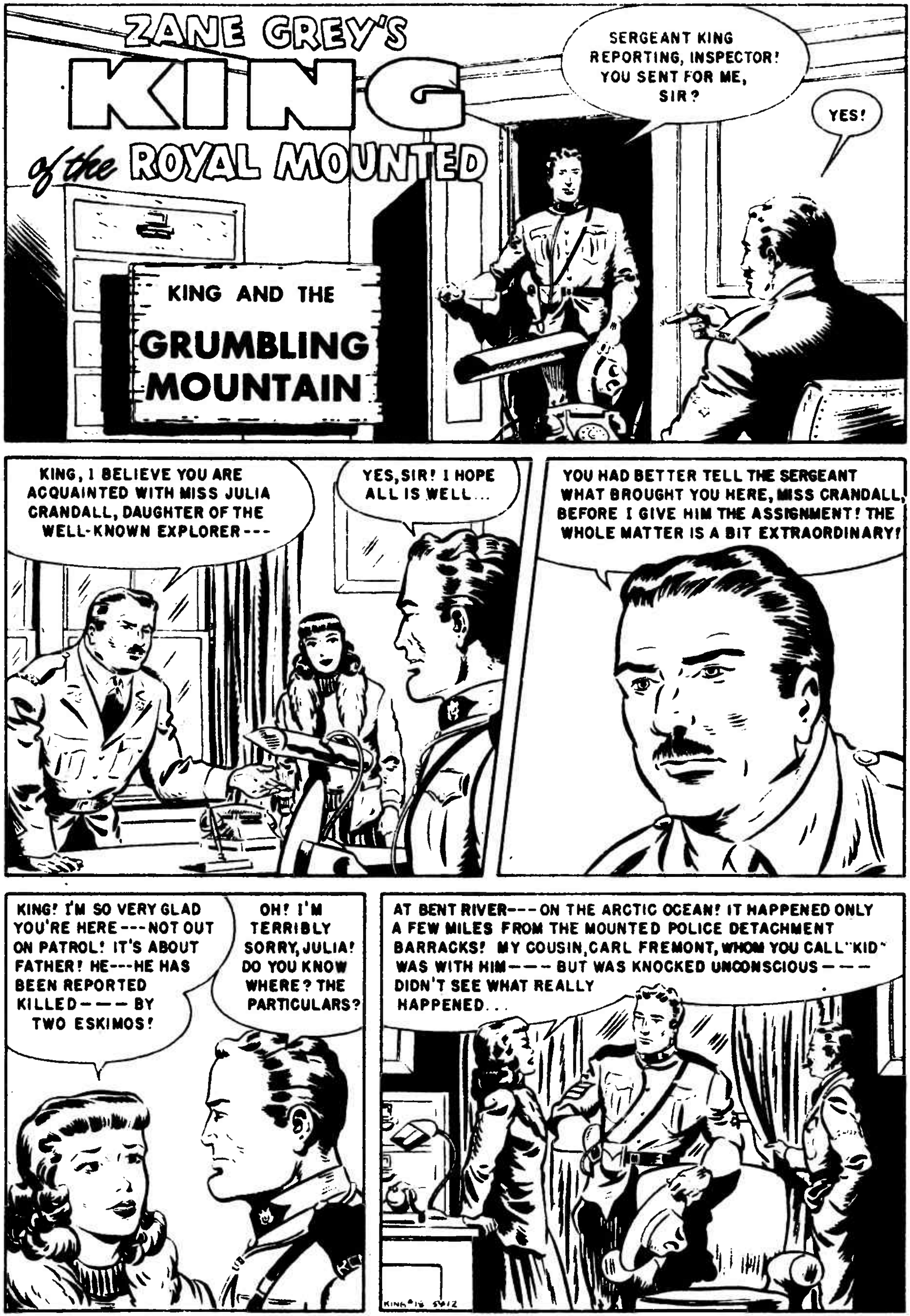
REDSKIN COMIC

AUGUST, 1956

ZANE GREY'S
KING
# of the ROYAL MOUNTED

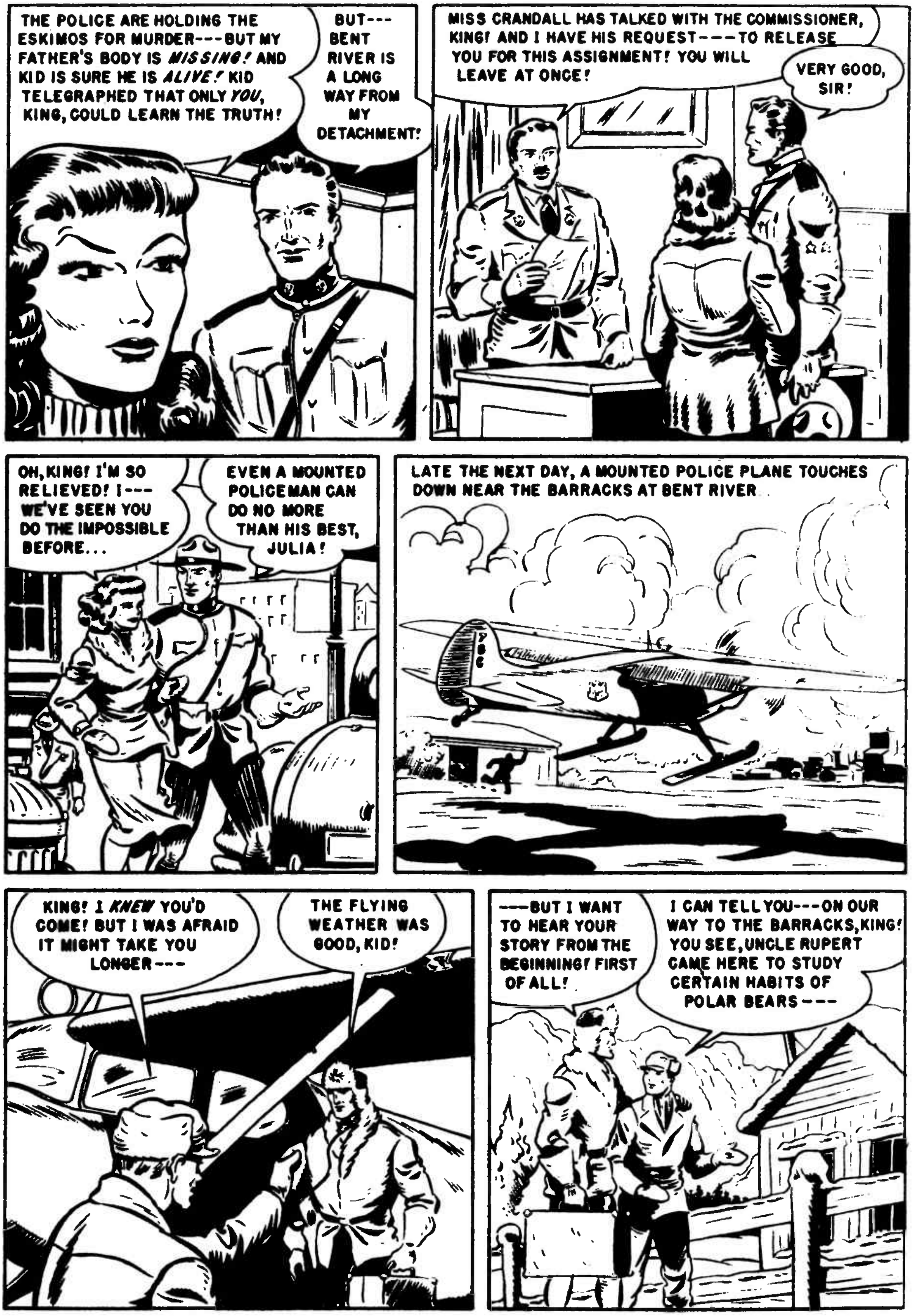
No. 5

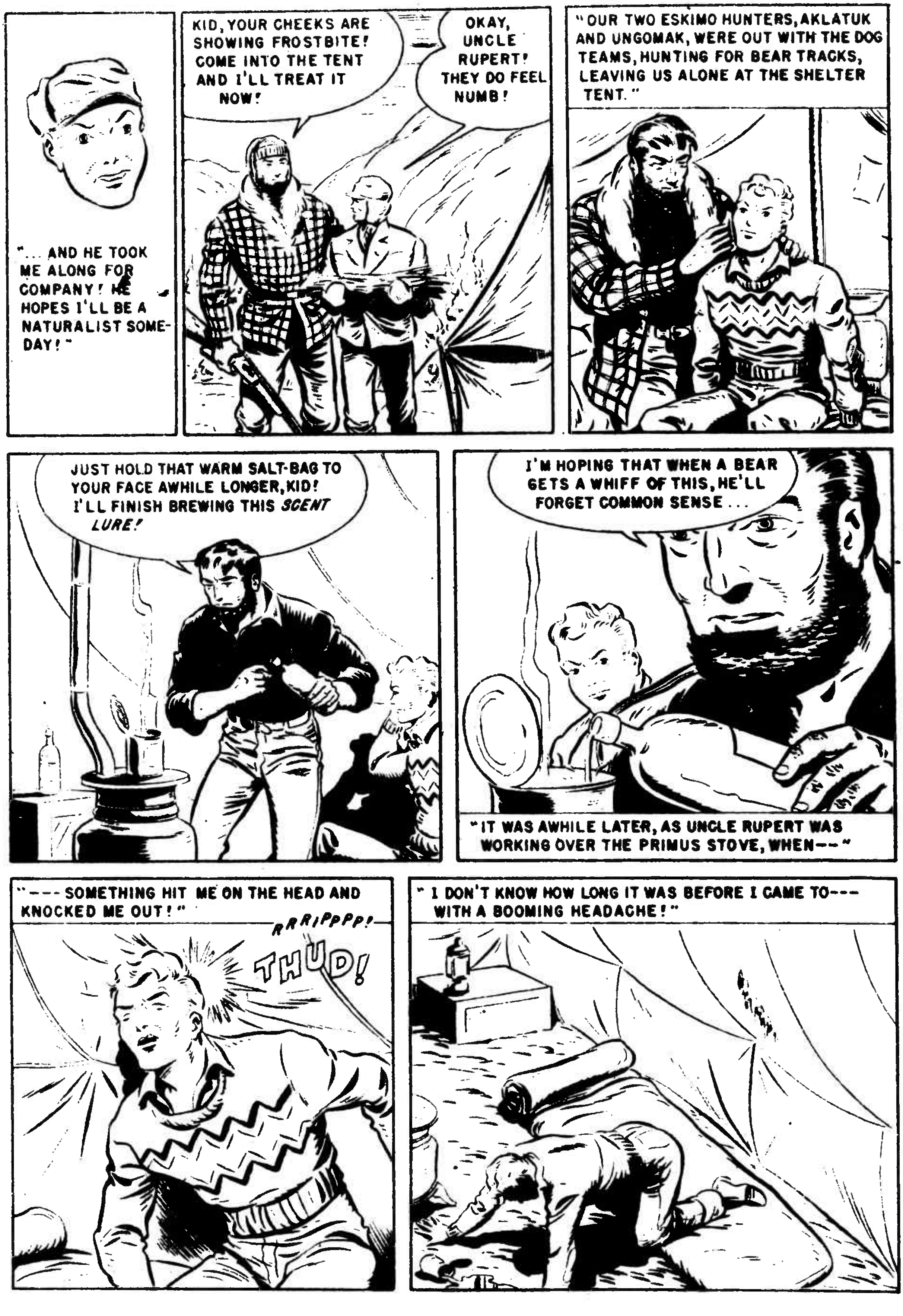
Registered for transmission by post in Australia as a periodical

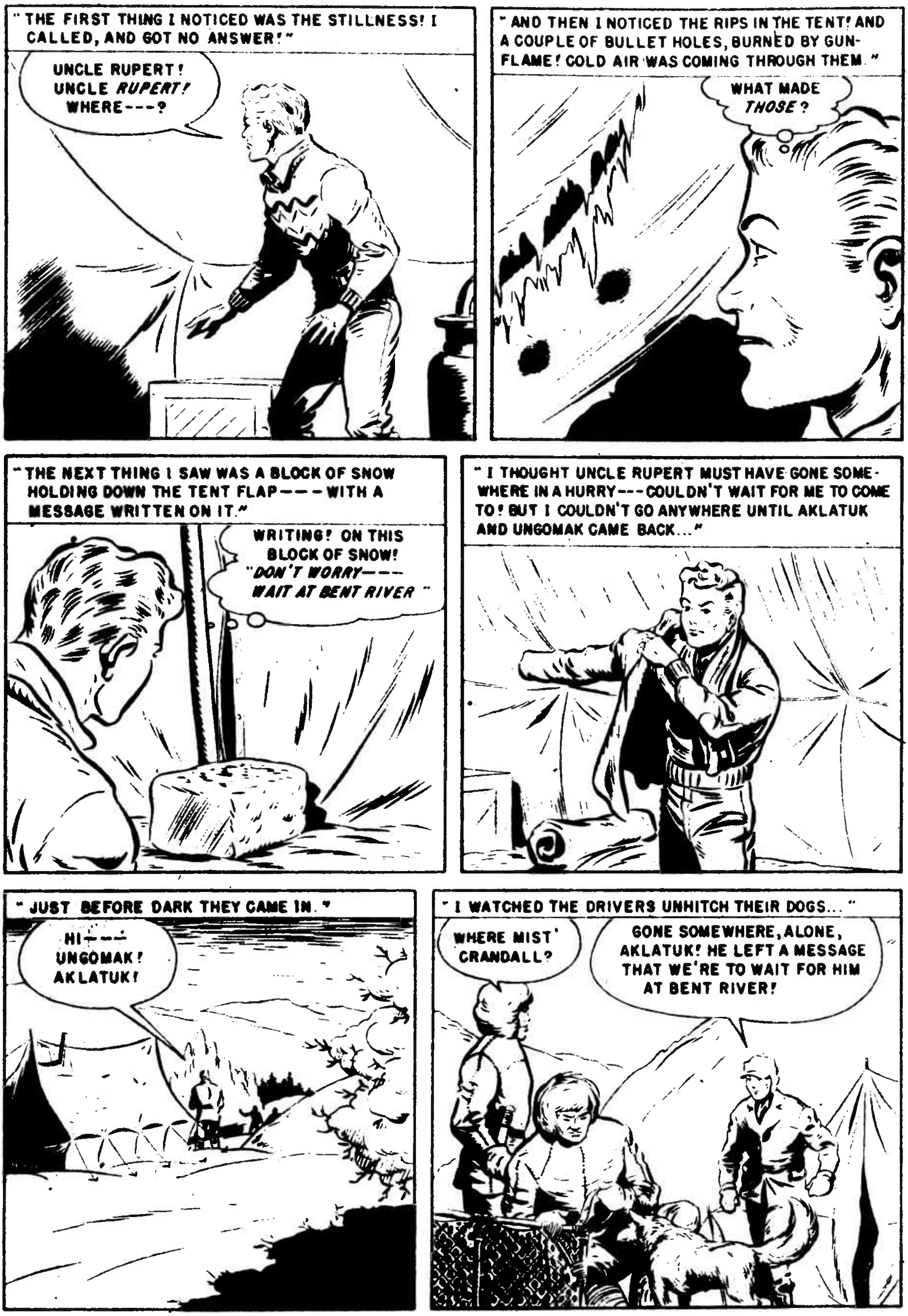

ZANE GREY'S KING of the ROYAL MOUNTED
KING AND THE GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN
SERGEANT KING REPORTING, INSPECTOR! YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
YES!
KING, I BELIEVE YOU ARE ACQUAINTED WITH MISS JULIA CRANDALL, DAUGHTER OF THE WELL-KNOWN EXPLORER---
YES, SIR! I HOPE ALL IS WELL...
YOU HAD BETTER TELL THE SERGEANT WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE, MISS CRANDALL, BEFORE I GIVE HIM THE ASSIGNMENT! THE WHOLE MATTER IS A BIT EXTRAORDINARY!
KING! I'M SO VERY GLAD YOU'RE HERE---NOT OUT ON PATROL! IT'S ABOUT FATHER! HE---HE HAS BEEN REPORTED KILLED--- BY TWO ESKIMOS!
OH! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, JULIA! DO YOU KNOW WHERE? THE PARTICULARS?
AT BENT RIVER---ON THE ARCTIC OCEAN! IT HAPPENED ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE MOUNTED POLICE DETACHMENT BARRACKS! MY COUSIN, CARL FREMONT, WHOM YOU CALL "KID" WAS WITH HIM--- BUT WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS--- DIDN'T SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED...

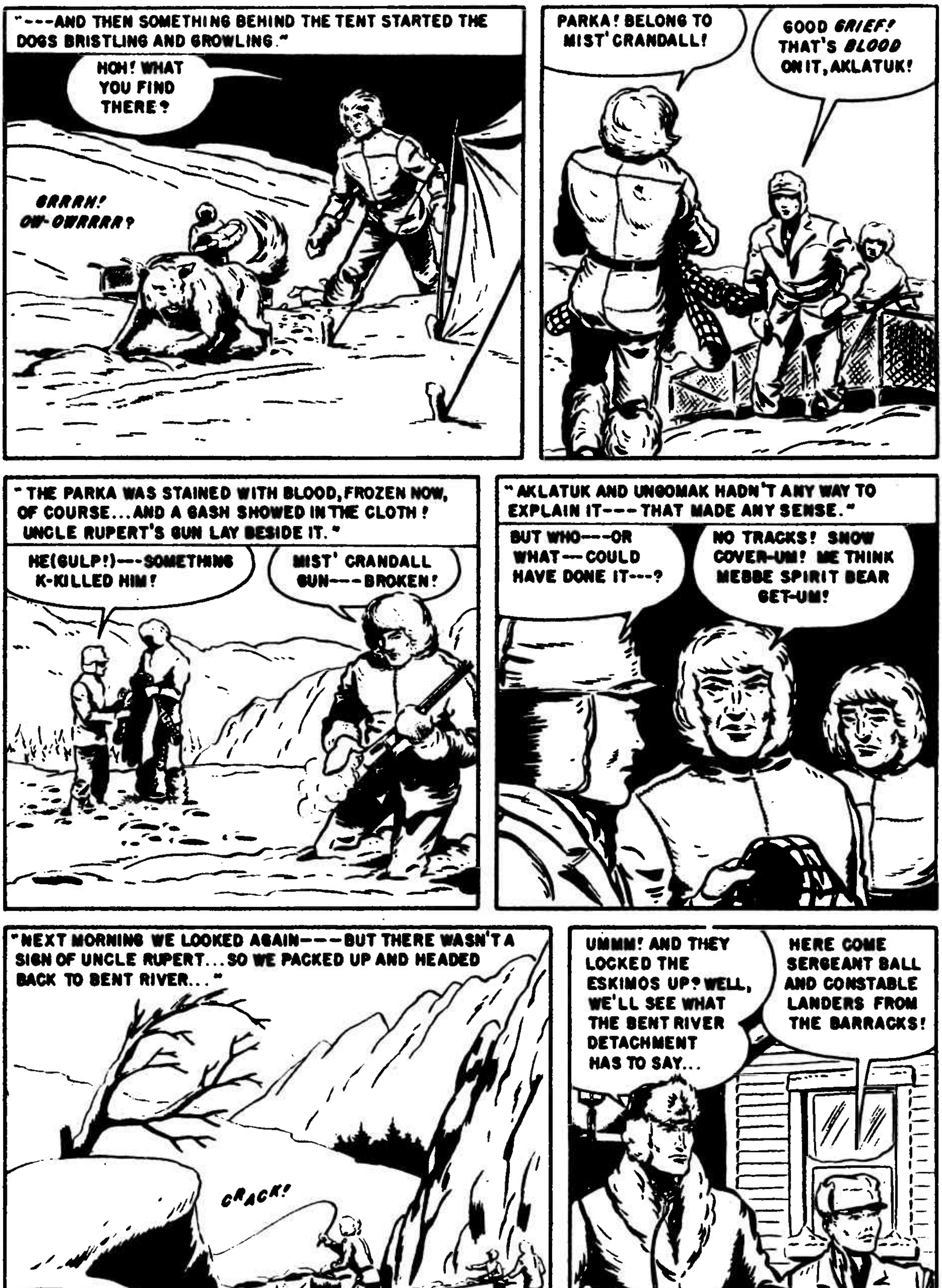
Copyright, 1954, by Stephen Slesinger. All rights reserved throughout the world. Published by arrangement with World Distributors (Manchester) Ltd., authorised U K "Zane Grey's King of the Royal Mounted," publishers.

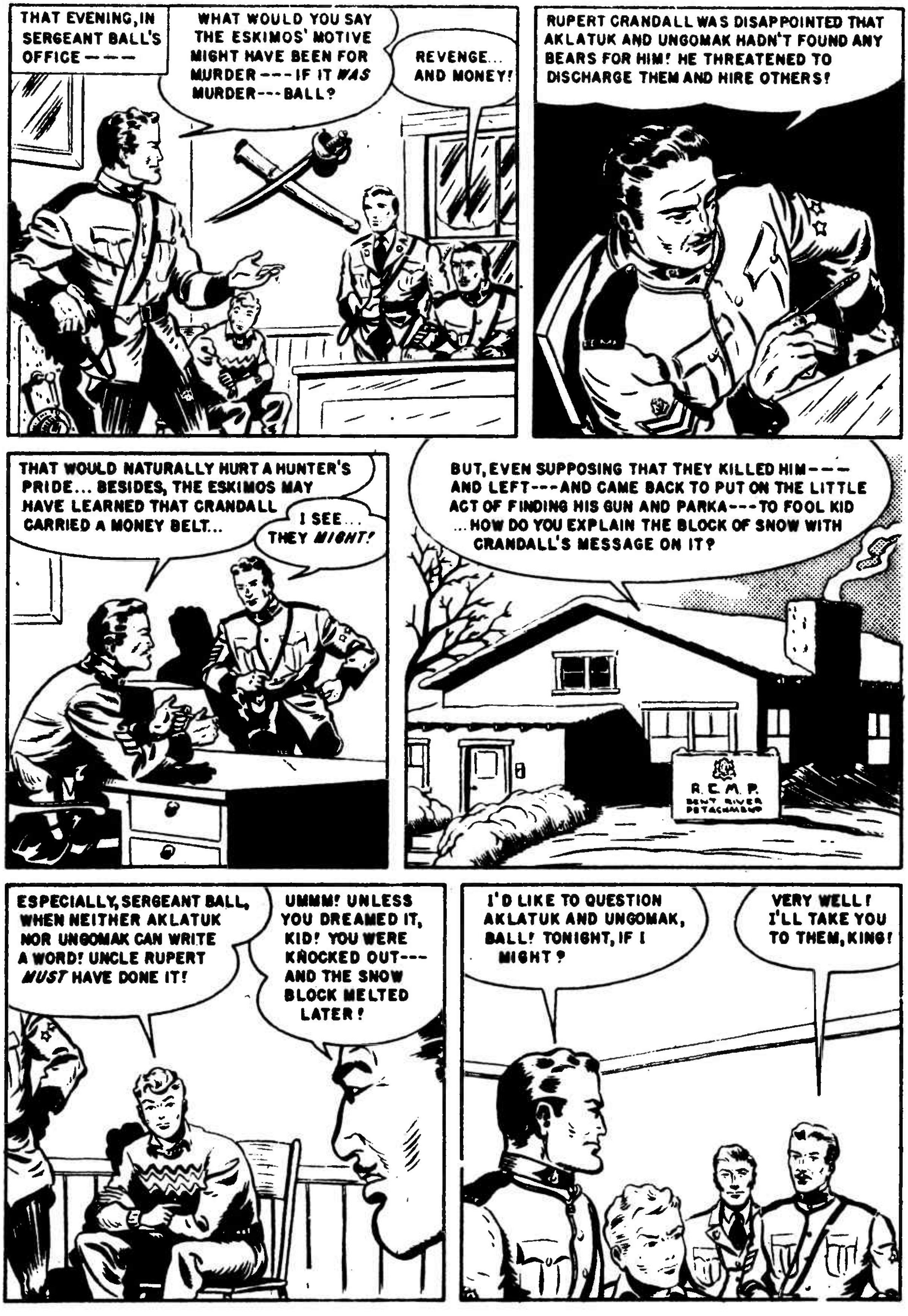
Distributed by Shakespeare Head Press Pty. Ltd.

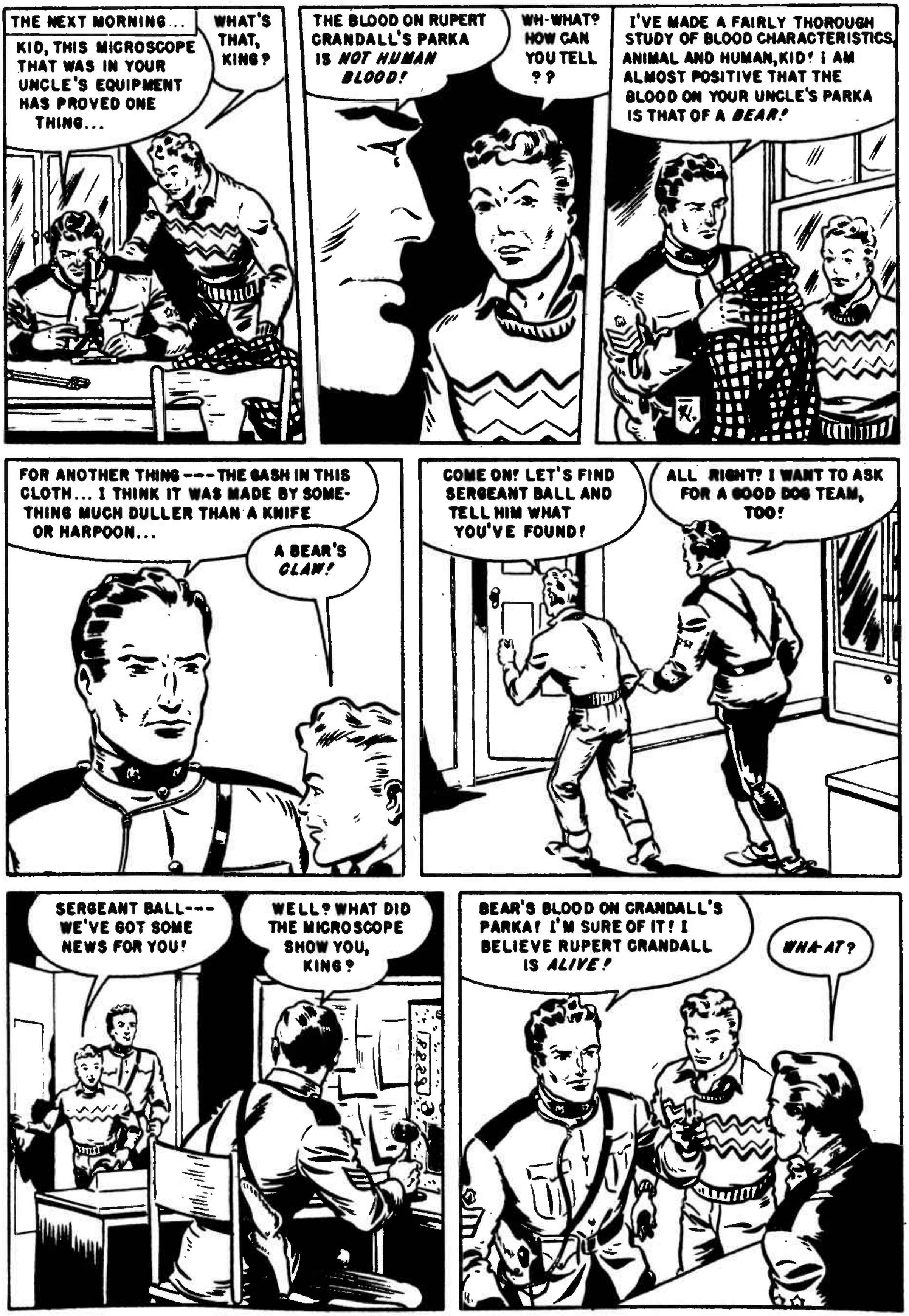

THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THE ESKIMOS FOR MURDER---BUT MY FATHER'S BODY IS *MISSING!* AND KID IS SURE HE IS *ALIVE!* KID TELEGRAPHED THAT ONLY *YOU*, KING, COULD LEARN THE TRUTH!
BUT---BENT RIVER IS A LONG WAY FROM MY DETACHMENT!
MISS CRANDALL HAS TALKED WITH THE COMMISSIONER, KING! AND I HAVE HIS REQUEST---TO RELEASE YOU FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT! YOU WILL LEAVE AT ONCE!
VERY GOOD, SIR!
OH, KING! I'M SO RELIEVED! I---WE'VE SEEN YOU DO THE IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE...
EVEN A MOUNTED POLICEMAN CAN DO NO MORE THAN HIS BEST, JULIA!
LATE THE NEXT DAY, A MOUNTED POLICE PLANE TOUCHES DOWN NEAR THE BARRACKS AT BENT RIVER..
KING! I *KNEW* YOU'D COME! BUT I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT TAKE YOU LONGER---
THE FLYING WEATHER WAS GOOD, KID!
---BUT I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY FROM THE BEGINNING! FIRST OF ALL!
I CAN TELL YOU---ON OUR WAY TO THE BARRACKS, KING! YOU SEE, UNCLE RUPERT CAME HERE TO STUDY CERTAIN HABITS OF POLAR BEARS---

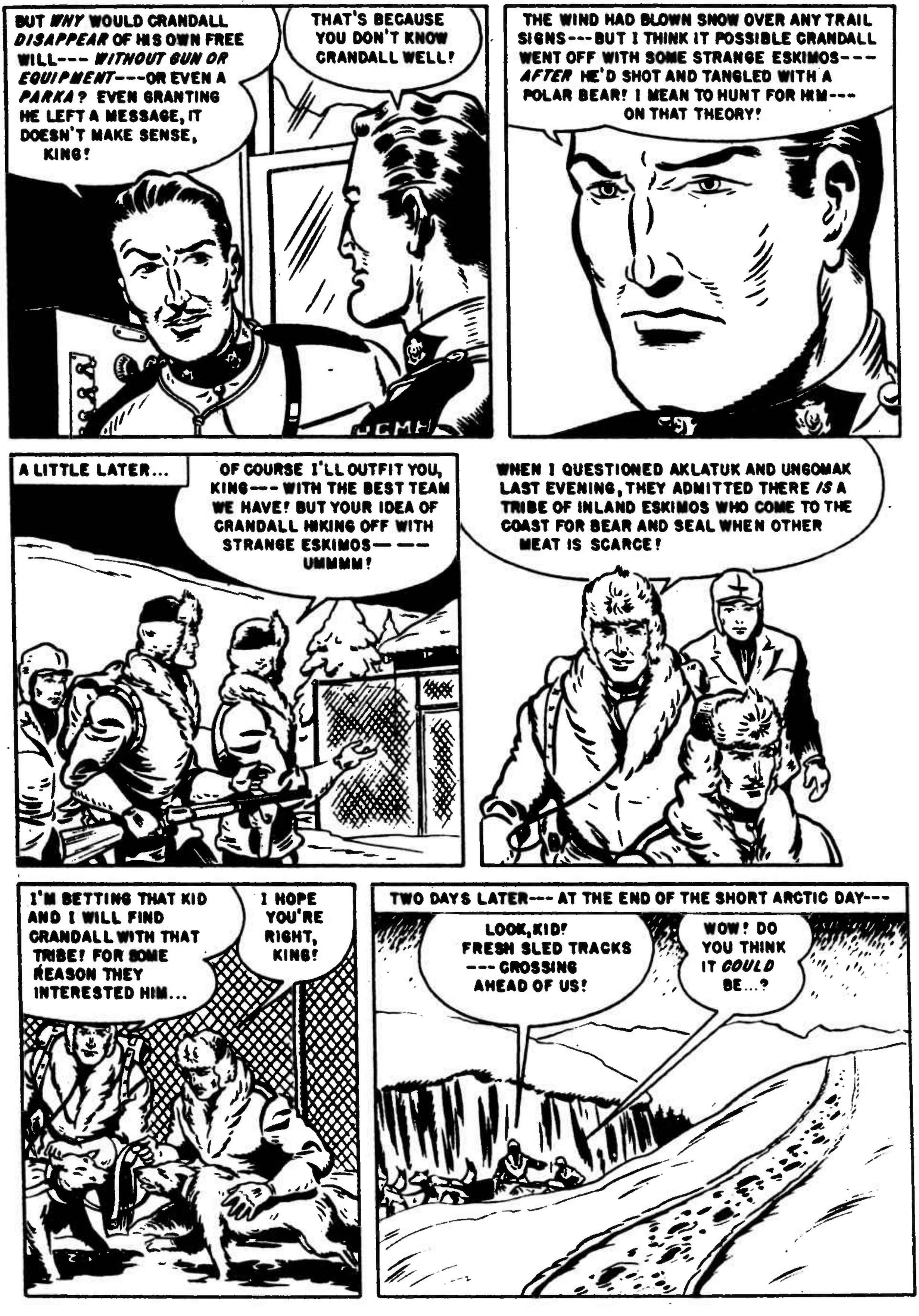

"... AND HE TOOK ME ALONG FOR COMPANY! HE HOPES I'LL BE A NATURALIST SOMEDAY!"
KID, YOUR CHEEKS ARE SHOWING FROSTBITE! COME INTO THE TENT AND I'LL TREAT IT NOW!
OKAY, UNCLE RUPERT! THEY DO FEEL NUMB!
"OUR TWO ESKIMO HUNTERS, AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK, WERE OUT WITH THE DOG TEAMS, HUNTING FOR BEAR TRACKS, LEAVING US ALONE AT THE SHELTER TENT."
JUST HOLD THAT WARM SALT-BAG TO YOUR FACE AWHILE LONGER, KID! I'LL FINISH BREWING THIS *SCENT LURE!*
I'M HOPING THAT WHEN A BEAR GETS A WHIFF OF THIS, HE'LL FORGET COMMON SENSE . . .
"IT WAS AWHILE LATER, AS UNCLE RUPERT WAS WORKING OVER THE PRIMUS STOVE, WHEN--"
"---SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD AND KNOCKED ME OUT!"
RRRIPPPP!
THUD!
"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS BEFORE I CAME TO--- WITH A BOOMING HEADACHE!"

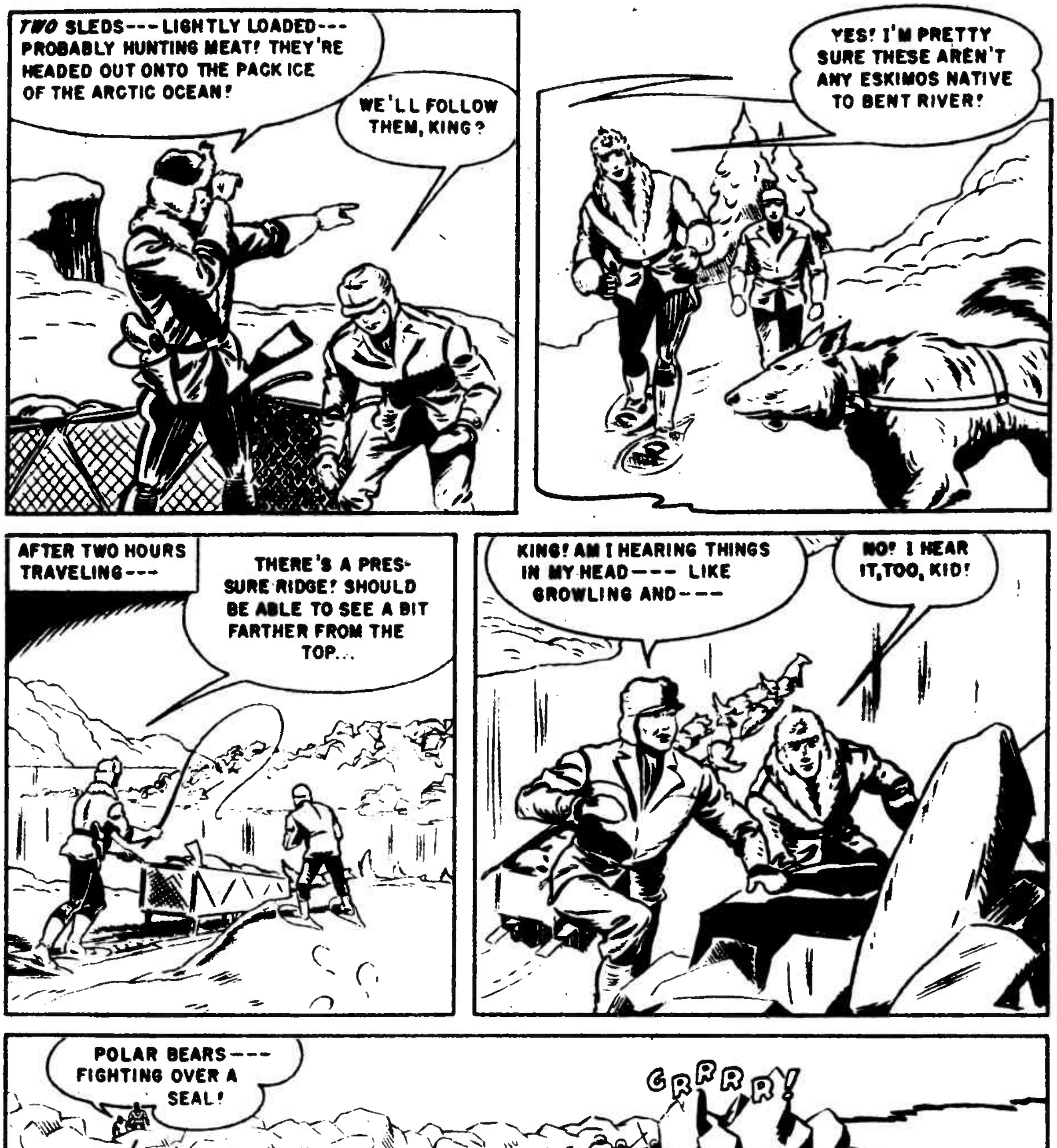

"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS THE STILLNESS! I CALLED, AND GOT NO ANSWER!"
UNCLE RUPERT! UNCLE *RUPERT!* WHERE---?
"AND THEN I NOTICED THE RIPS IN THE TENT! AND A COUPLE OF BULLET HOLES, BURNED BY GUN-FLAME! COLD AIR WAS COMING THROUGH THEM."
WHAT MADE *THOSE*?
"THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS A BLOCK OF SNOW HOLDING DOWN THE TENT FLAP---WITH A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT."
WRITING! ON THIS BLOCK OF SNOW! *"DON'T WORRY--- WAIT AT BENT RIVER"*
"I THOUGHT UNCLE RUPERT MUST HAVE GONE SOMEWHERE IN A HURRY---COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO COME TO! BUT I COULDN'T GO ANYWHERE UNTIL AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK CAME BACK..."
"JUST BEFORE DARK THEY CAME IN."
HI---! UNGOMAK! AKLATUK!
"I WATCHED THE DRIVERS UNHITCH THEIR DOGS..."
WHERE MIST' CRANDALL?
GONE SOMEWHERE, ALONE, AKLATUK! HE LEFT A MESSAGE THAT WE'RE TO WAIT FOR HIM AT BENT RIVER!

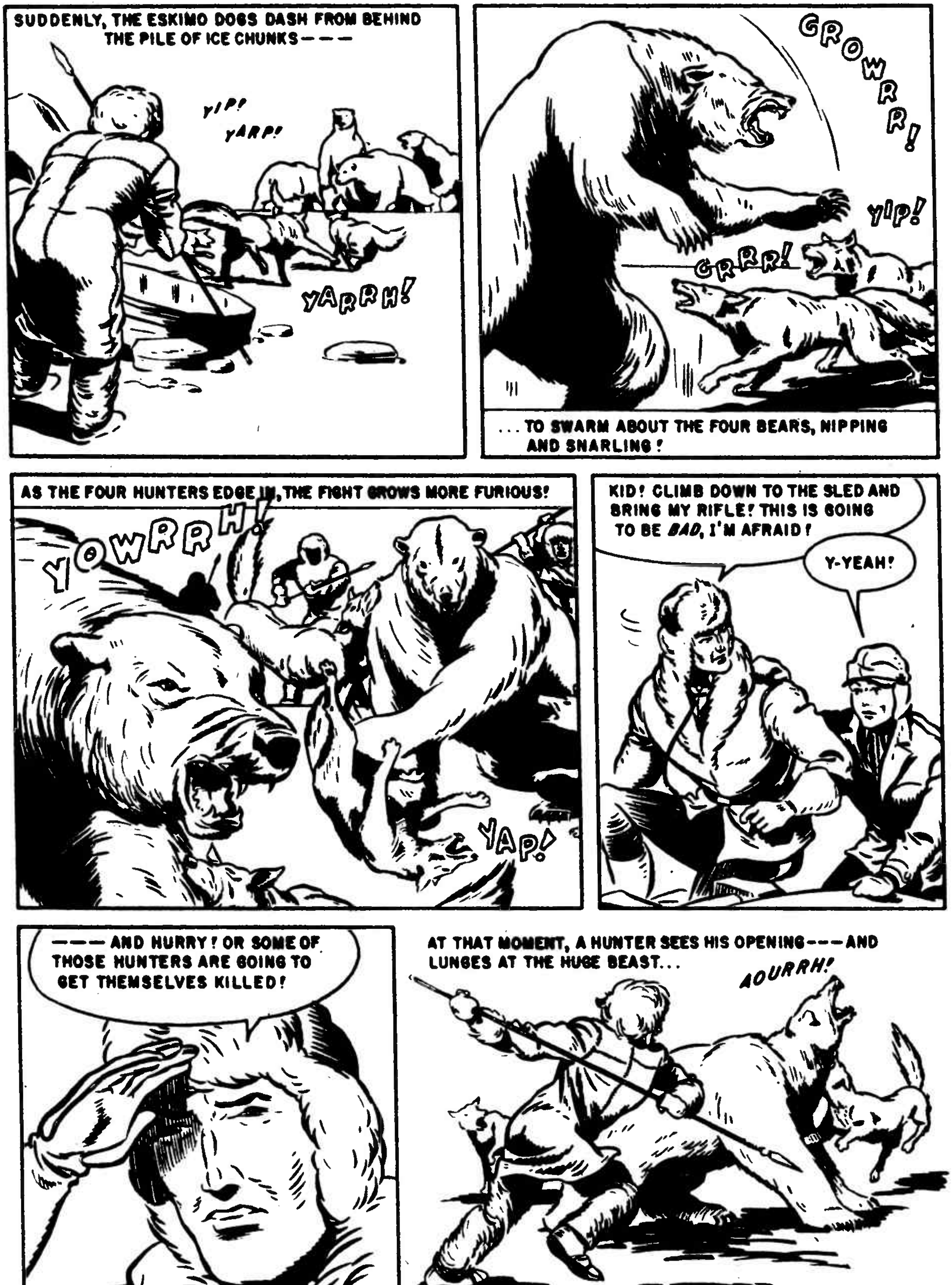

"---AND THEN SOMETHING BEHIND THE TENT STARTED THE DOGS BRISTLING AND GROWLING."
HOH! WHAT YOU FIND THERE?
GRRRH! OW-OWRRRR?
PARKA! BELONG TO MIST' CRANDALL!
GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S BLOOD ON IT, AKLATUK!
"THE PARKA WAS STAINED WITH BLOOD, FROZEN NOW, OF COURSE...AND A GASH SHOWED IN THE CLOTH! UNCLE RUPERT'S GUN LAY BESIDE IT."
HE(GULP!)---SOMETHING K-KILLED HIM!
MIST' CRANDALL GUN---BROKEN!
"AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK HADN'T ANY WAY TO EXPLAIN IT---THAT MADE ANY SENSE."
BUT WHO---OR WHAT---COULD HAVE DONE IT---?
NO TRACKS! SNOW COVER-UM! ME THINK MEBBE SPIRIT BEAR GET-UM!
"NEXT MORNING WE LOOKED AGAIN---BUT THERE WASN'T A SIGN OF UNCLE RUPERT...SO WE PACKED UP AND HEADED BACK TO BENT RIVER..."
CRACK!
UMMM! AND THEY LOCKED THE ESKIMOS UP? WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT THE BENT RIVER DETACHMENT HAS TO SAY...
HERE COME SERGEANT BALL AND CONSTABLE LANDERS FROM THE BARRACKS!

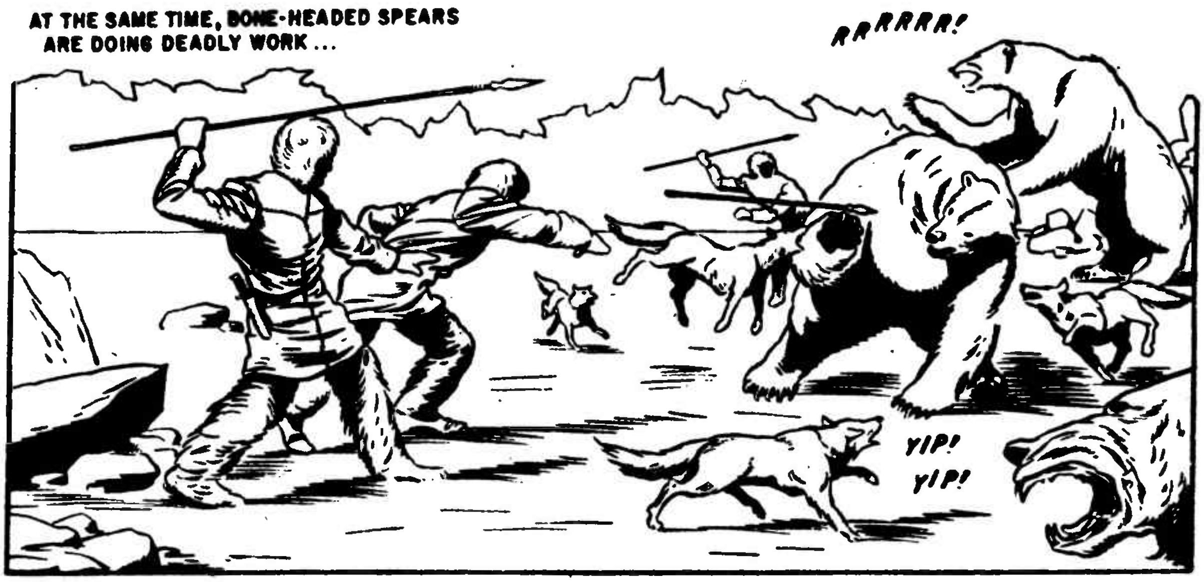

THAT EVENING, IN SERGEANT BALL'S OFFICE ---
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THE ESKIMOS' MOTIVE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR MURDER --- IF IT *WAS* MURDER --- BALL?
REVENGE... AND MONEY!
RUPERT CRANDALL WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK HADN'T FOUND ANY BEARS FOR HIM! HE THREATENED TO DISCHARGE THEM AND HIRE OTHERS!
THAT WOULD NATURALLY HURT A HUNTER'S PRIDE... BESIDES, THE ESKIMOS MAY HAVE LEARNED THAT CRANDALL CARRIED A MONEY BELT...
I SEE... THEY *MIGHT!*
BUT, EVEN SUPPOSING THAT THEY KILLED HIM --- AND LEFT --- AND CAME BACK TO PUT ON THE LITTLE ACT OF FINDING HIS GUN AND PARKA --- TO FOOL KID ...HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE BLOCK OF SNOW WITH CRANDALL'S MESSAGE ON IT?
R.C.M.P.
BENT RIVER DETACHMENT
ESPECIALLY, SERGEANT BALL, WHEN NEITHER AKLATUK NOR UNGOMAK CAN WRITE A WORD! UNCLE RUPERT *MUST* HAVE DONE IT!
UMMM! UNLESS YOU DREAMED IT, KID! YOU WERE KNOCKED OUT --- AND THE SNOW BLOCK MELTED LATER!
I'D LIKE TO QUESTION AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK, BALL! TONIGHT, IF I MIGHT?
VERY WELL! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THEM, KING!

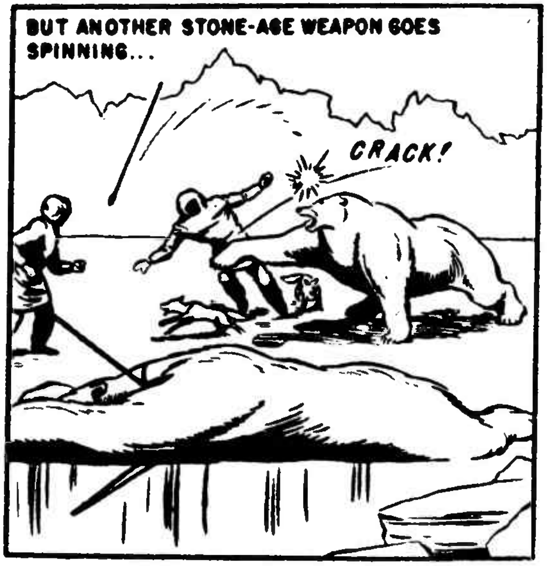

THE NEXT MORNING...
KID, THIS MICROSCOPE THAT WAS IN YOUR UNCLE'S EQUIPMENT HAS PROVED ONE THING...
WHAT'S THAT, KING?
THE BLOOD ON RUPERT CRANDALL'S PARKA IS *NOT HUMAN BLOOD!*
WH-WHAT? HOW CAN YOU TELL ??
I'VE MADE A FAIRLY THOROUGH STUDY OF BLOOD CHARACTERISTICS, ANIMAL AND HUMAN, KID! I AM ALMOST POSITIVE THAT THE BLOOD ON YOUR UNCLE'S PARKA IS THAT OF A *BEAR!*
FOR ANOTHER THING --- THE GASH IN THIS CLOTH... I THINK IT WAS MADE BY SOMETHING MUCH DULLER THAN A KNIFE OR HARPOON...
A BEAR'S *CLAW!*
COME ON! LET'S FIND SERGEANT BALL AND TELL HIM WHAT YOU'VE FOUND!
ALL RIGHT! I WANT TO ASK FOR A GOOD DOG TEAM, TOO!
SERGEANT BALL--- WE'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!
WELL? WHAT DID THE MICROSCOPE SHOW YOU, KING?
BEAR'S BLOOD ON CRANDALL'S PARKA! I'M SURE OF IT! I BELIEVE RUPERT CRANDALL IS *ALIVE!*
WHA-AT?

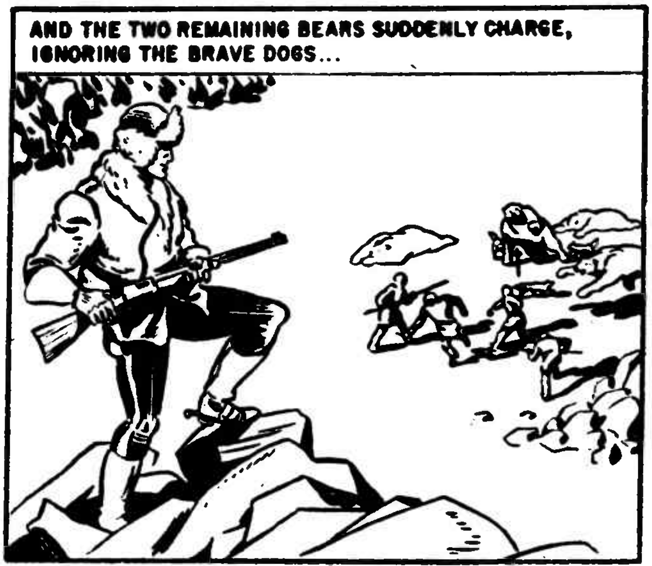

BUT *WHY* WOULD CRANDALL *DISAPPEAR* OF HIS OWN FREE WILL--- *WITHOUT GUN OR EQUIPMENT*---OR EVEN A *PARKA*? EVEN GRANTING HE LEFT A MESSAGE, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, KING!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW CRANDALL WELL!
THE WIND HAD BLOWN SNOW OVER ANY TRAIL SIGNS---BUT I THINK IT POSSIBLE CRANDALL WENT OFF WITH SOME STRANGE ESKIMOS--- *AFTER* HE'D SHOT AND TANGLED WITH A POLAR BEAR! I MEAN TO HUNT FOR HIM--- ON THAT THEORY!
A LITTLE LATER...
OF COURSE I'LL OUTFIT YOU, KING--- WITH THE BEST TEAM WE HAVE! BUT YOUR IDEA OF CRANDALL HIKING OFF WITH STRANGE ESKIMOS—— —— UMMMM!
WHEN I QUESTIONED AKLATUK AND UNGOMAK LAST EVENING, THEY ADMITTED THERE *IS* A TRIBE OF INLAND ESKIMOS WHO COME TO THE COAST FOR BEAR AND SEAL WHEN OTHER MEAT IS SCARCE!
I'M BETTING THAT KID AND I WILL FIND CRANDALL WITH THAT TRIBE! FOR SOME REASON THEY INTERESTED HIM...
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, KING!
TWO DAYS LATER--- AT THE END OF THE SHORT ARCTIC DAY---
LOOK, KID! FRESH SLED TRACKS ---CROSSING AHEAD OF US!
WOW! DO YOU THINK IT *COULD* BE...?

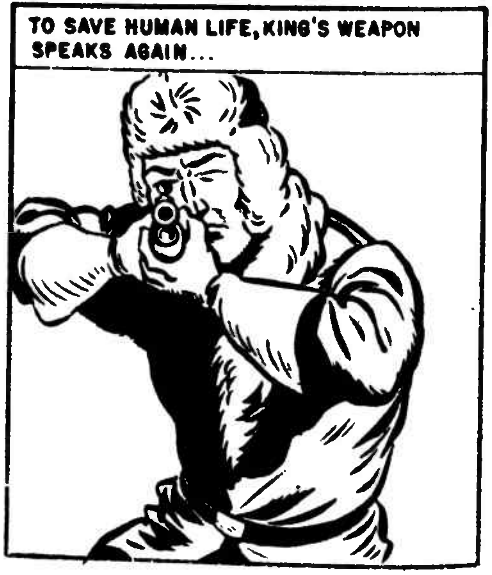

TWO SLEDS---LIGHTLY LOADED---PROBABLY HUNTING MEAT! THEY'RE HEADED OUT ONTO THE PACK ICE OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM, KING?
YES! I'M PRETTY SURE THESE AREN'T ANY ESKIMOS NATIVE TO BENT RIVER!
AFTER TWO HOURS TRAVELING---
THERE'S A PRESSURE RIDGE! SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE A BIT FARTHER FROM THE TOP...
KING! AM I HEARING THINGS IN MY HEAD--- LIKE GROWLING AND---
NO! I HEAR IT,TOO, KID!
POLAR BEARS---FIGHTING OVER A SEAL!
ESKIMOS---WATCHING---WITH THEIR DOGS! SEE?
GRRRR!
OWRR!
AOURRH!

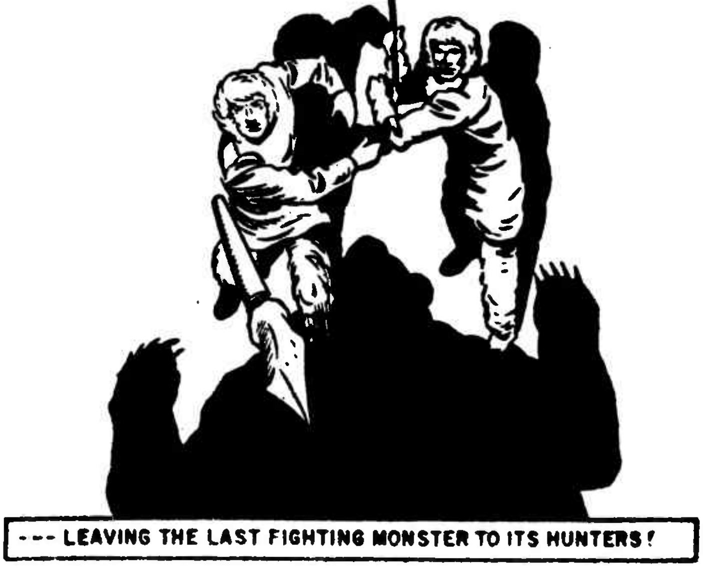

SUDDENLY, THE ESKIMO DOGS DASH FROM BEHIND THE PILE OF ICE CHUNKS---
YIP!
YARP!
YARRH!
GROWRR!
YIP!
GRRR!
...TO SWARM ABOUT THE FOUR BEARS, NIPPING AND SNARLING!
AS THE FOUR HUNTERS EDGE IN, THE FIGHT GROWS MORE FURIOUS!
YOWRRH!
YAP!
KID! CLIMB DOWN TO THE SLED AND BRING MY RIFLE! THIS IS GOING TO BE *BAD*, I'M AFRAID!
Y-YEAH!
---AND HURRY! OR SOME OF THOSE HUNTERS ARE GOING TO GET THEMSELVES KILLED!
AT THAT MOMENT, A HUNTER SEES HIS OPENING---AND LUNGES AT THE HUGE BEAST...
AOURRH!

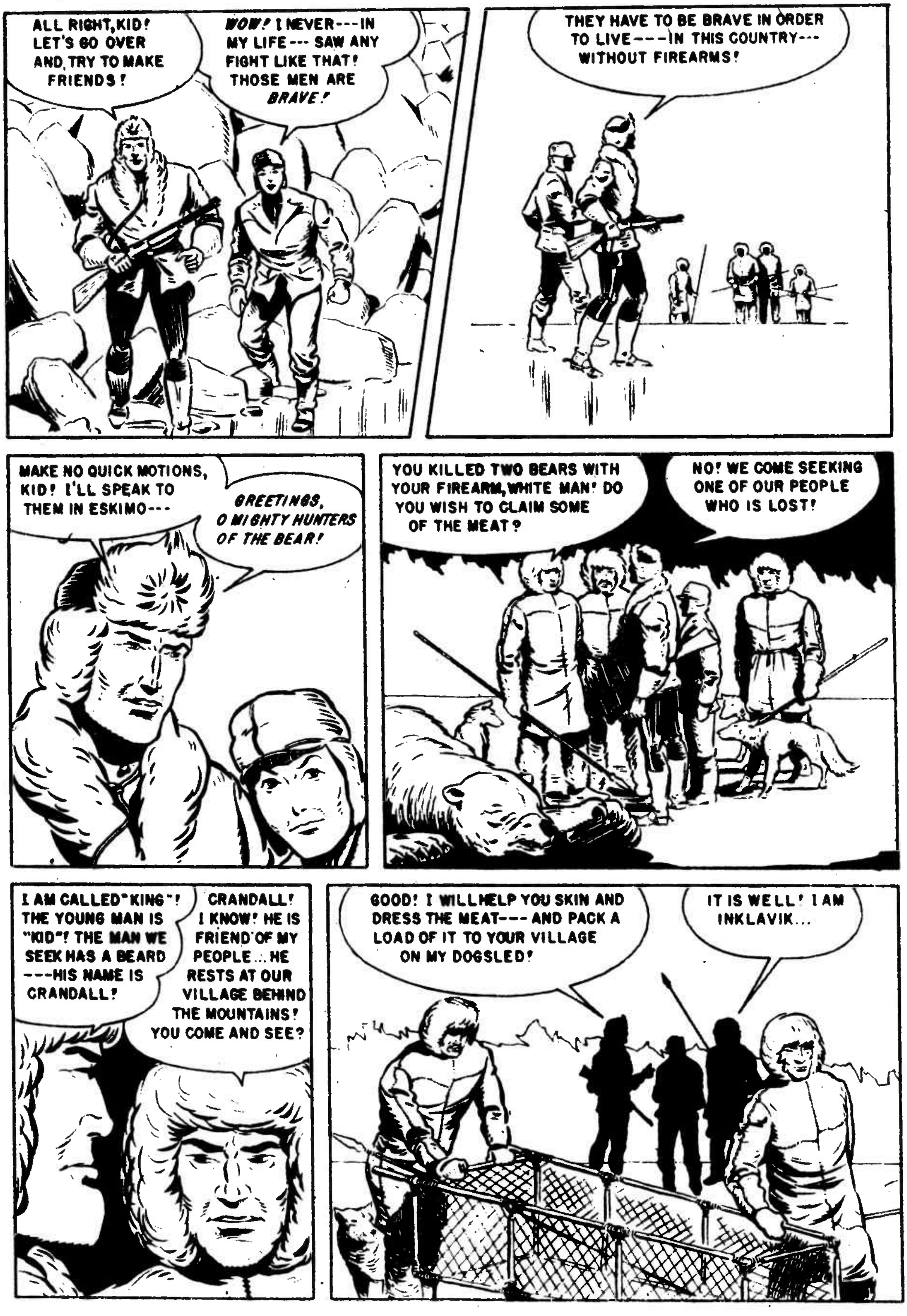

AT THE SAME TIME, BONE-HEADED SPEARS ARE DOING DEADLY WORK ...
RRRRRRR!
YIP! YIP!

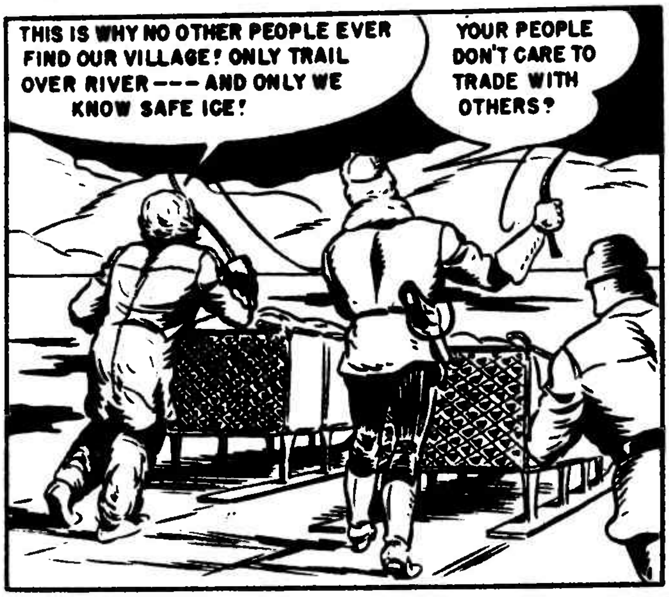

BUT ANOTHER STONE-AGE WEAPON GOES SPINNING...
CRACK!

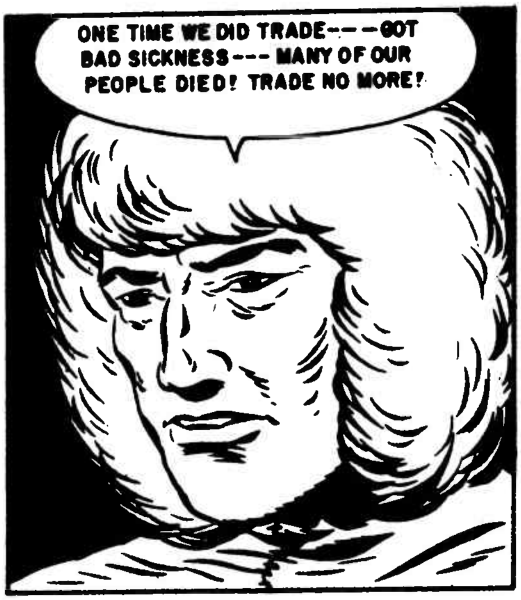

AND THE TWO REMAINING BEARS SUDDENLY CHARGE, IGNORING THE BRAVE DOGS...

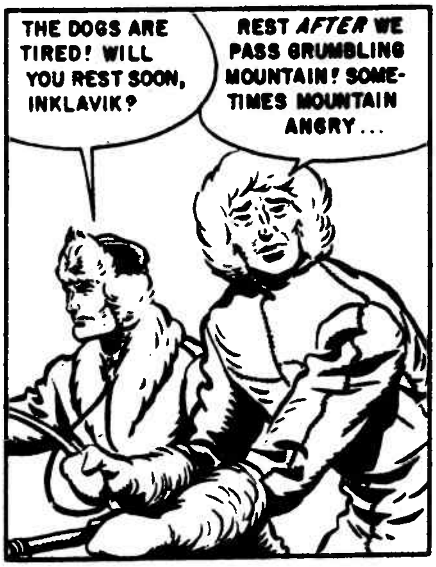

TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE, KING'S WEAPON SPEAKS AGAIN...

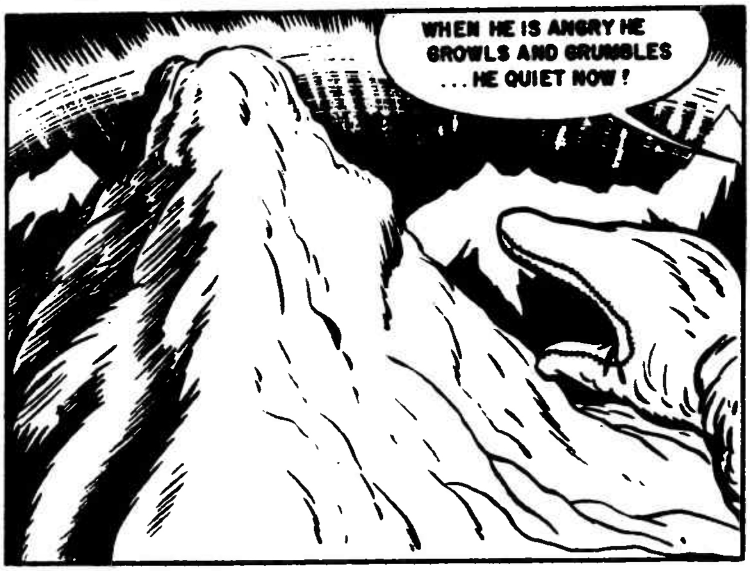

--- LEAVING THE LAST FIGHTING MONSTER TO ITS HUNTERS!

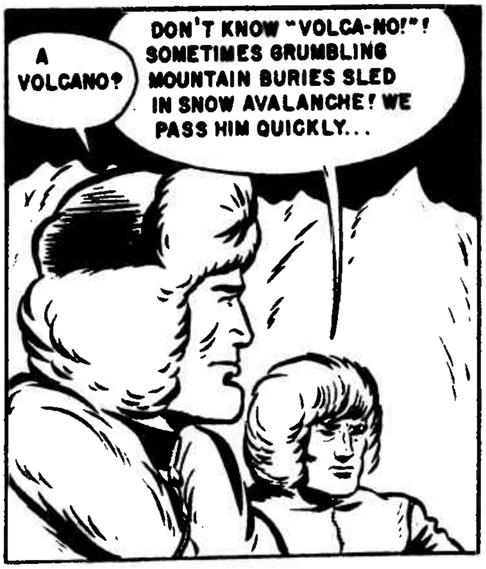

ALL RIGHT, KID! LET'S GO OVER AND, TRY TO MAKE FRIENDS!
WOW! I NEVER---IN MY LIFE--- SAW ANY FIGHT LIKE THAT! THOSE MEN ARE BRAVE!
THEY HAVE TO BE BRAVE IN ORDER TO LIVE---IN THIS COUNTRY--- WITHOUT FIREARMS!
MAKE NO QUICK MOTIONS, KID! I'LL SPEAK TO THEM IN ESKIMO---
GREETINGS, O MIGHTY HUNTERS OF THE BEAR!
YOU KILLED TWO BEARS WITH YOUR FIREARM, WHITE MAN! DO YOU WISH TO CLAIM SOME OF THE MEAT?
NO! WE COME SEEKING ONE OF OUR PEOPLE WHO IS LOST!
I AM CALLED "KING"! THE YOUNG MAN IS "KID"! THE MAN WE SEEK HAS A BEARD ---HIS NAME IS CRANDALL!
CRANDALL! I KNOW! HE IS FRIEND OF MY PEOPLE... HE RESTS AT OUR VILLAGE BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS! YOU COME AND SEE?
GOOD! I WILL HELP YOU SKIN AND DRESS THE MEAT--- AND PACK A LOAD OF IT TO YOUR VILLAGE ON MY DOGSLED!
IT IS WELL! I AM INKLAVIK...

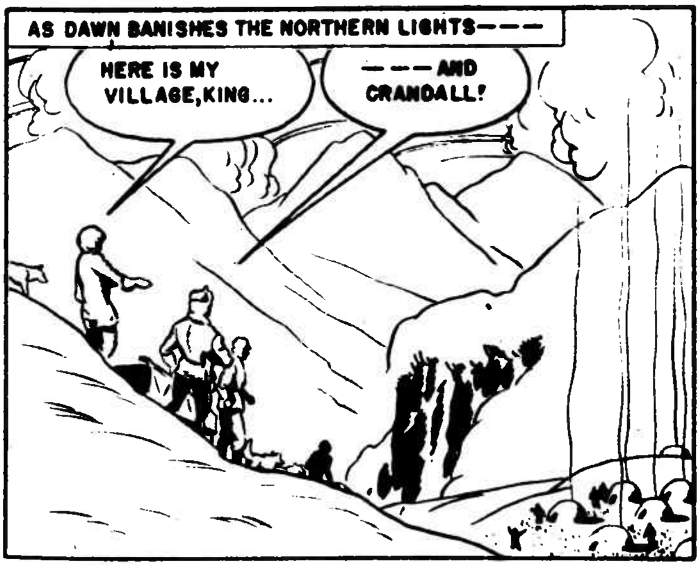

THIS IS WHY NO OTHER PEOPLE EVER FIND OUR VILLAGE! ONLY TRAIL OVER RIVER --- AND ONLY WE KNOW SAFE ICE!
YOUR PEOPLE DON'T CARE TO TRADE WITH OTHERS?

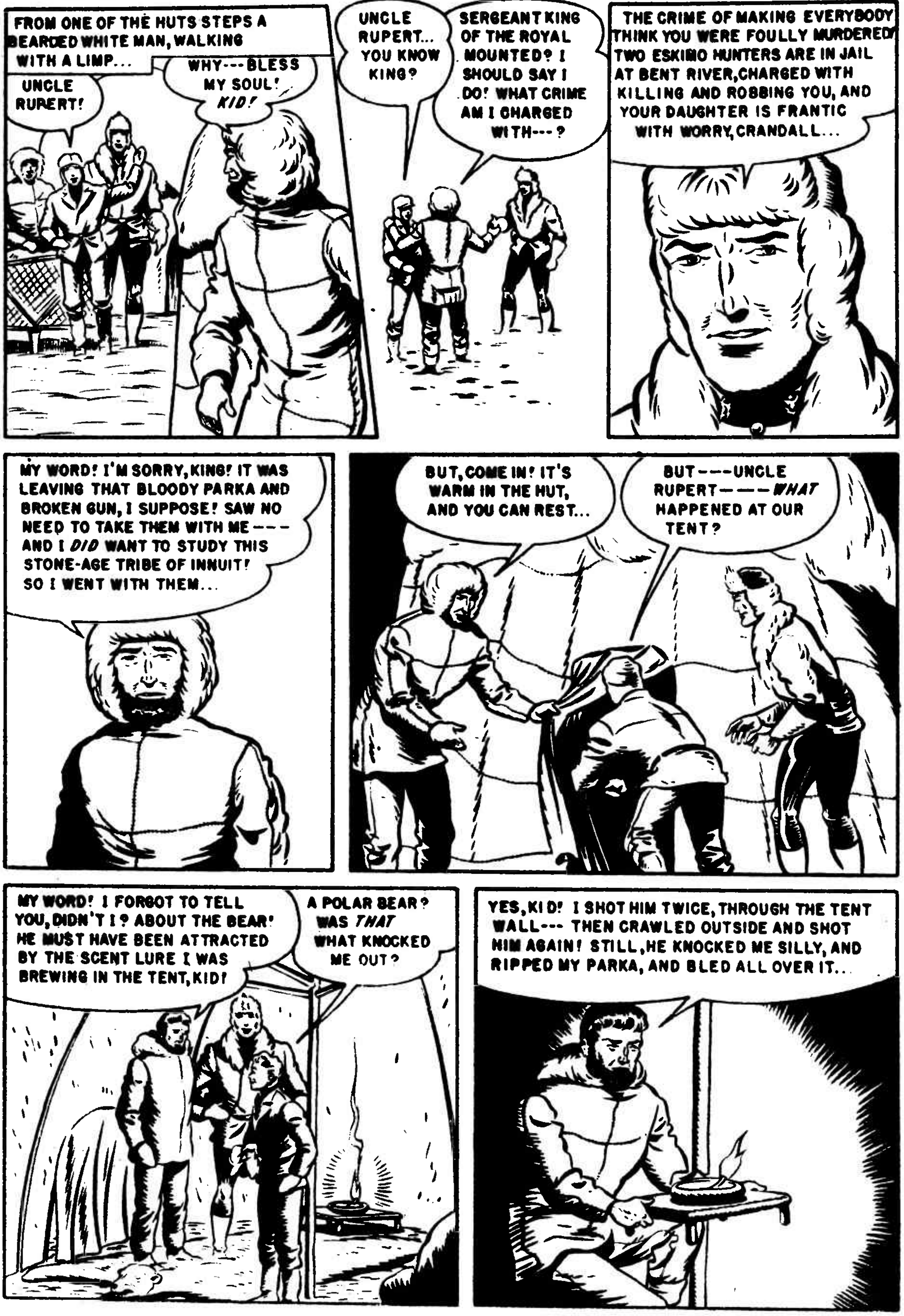

ONE TIME WE DID TRADE--- GOT BAD SICKNESS --- MANY OF OUR PEOPLE DIED! TRADE NO MORE!

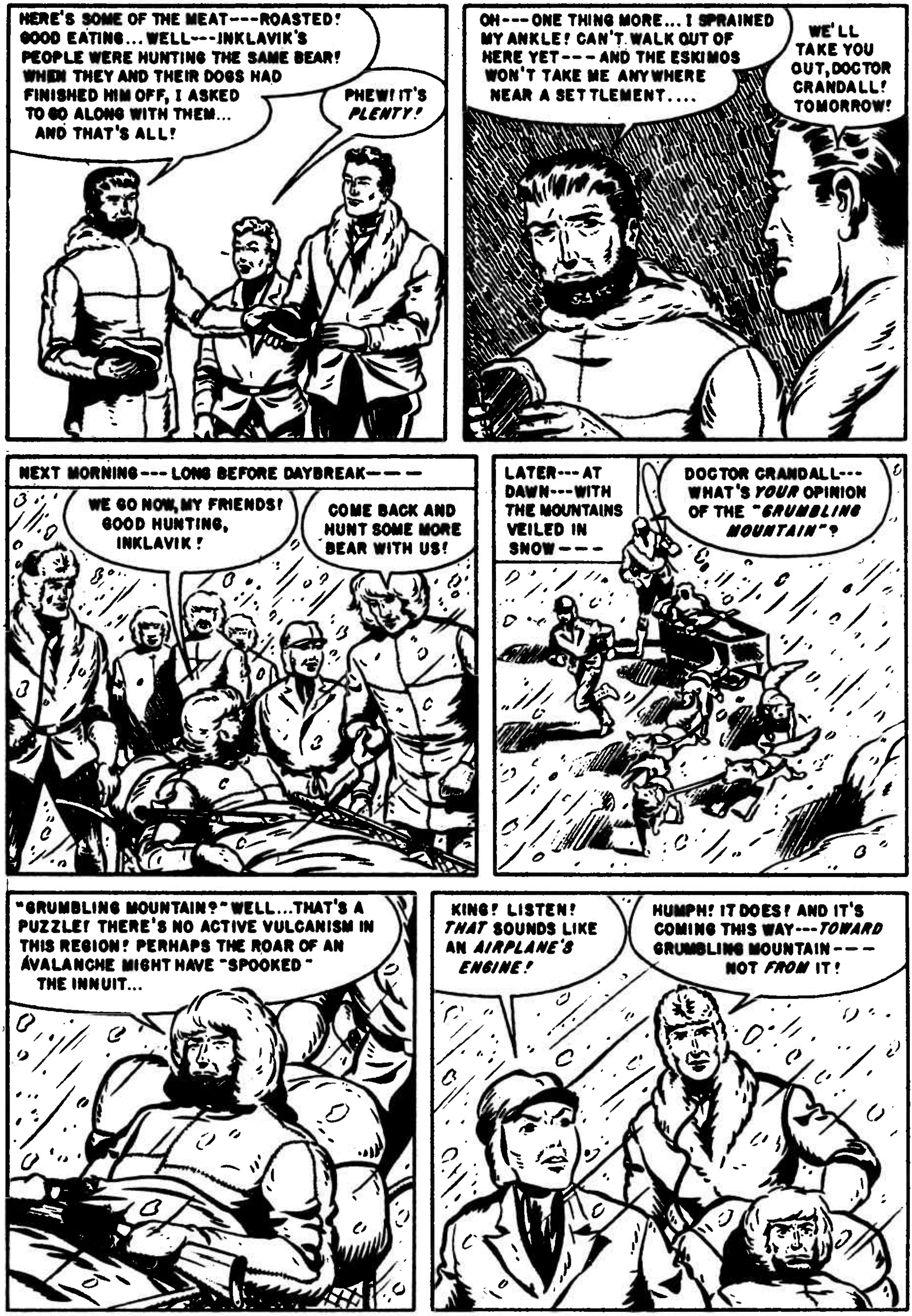

THE DOGS ARE TIRED! WILL YOU REST SOON, INKLAVIK?
REST *AFTER* WE PASS GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN! SOMETIMES MOUNTAIN ANGRY...

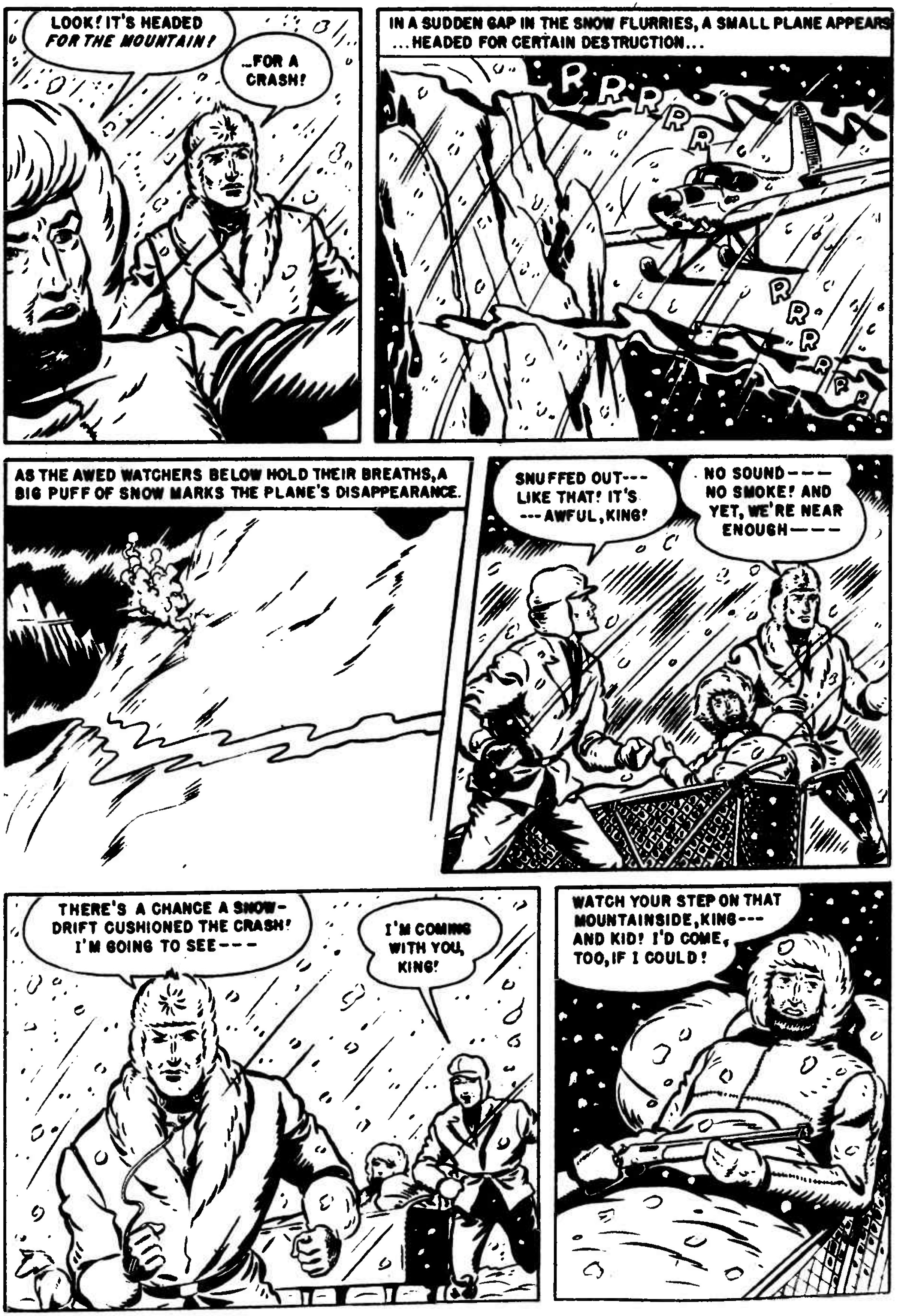

WHEN HE IS ANGRY HE GROWLS AND GRUMBLES ... HE QUIET NOW!

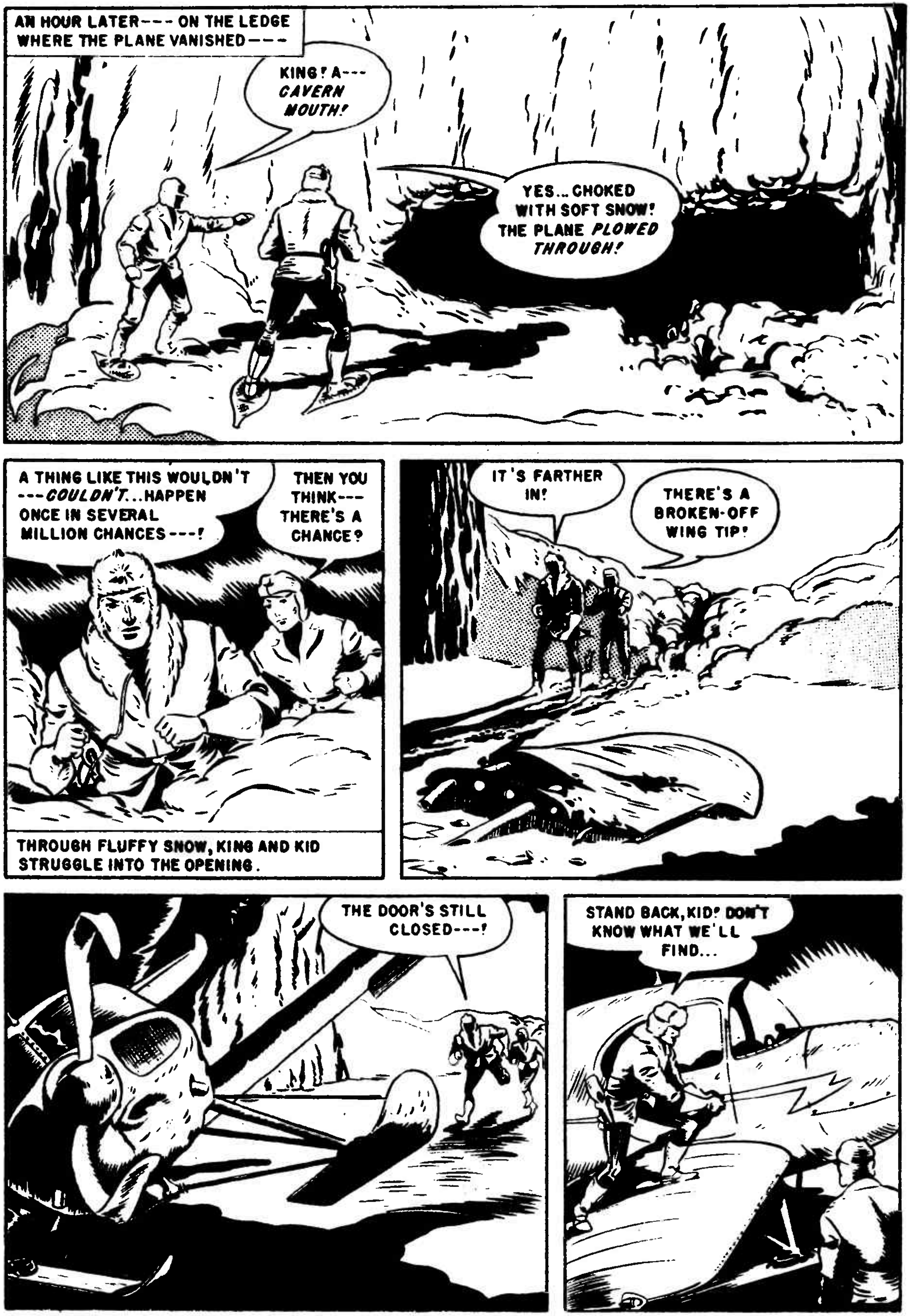

A VOLCANO?
DON'T KNOW "VOLCA-NO!"! SOMETIMES GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN BURIES SLED IN SNOW AVALANCHE! WE PASS HIM QUICKLY...

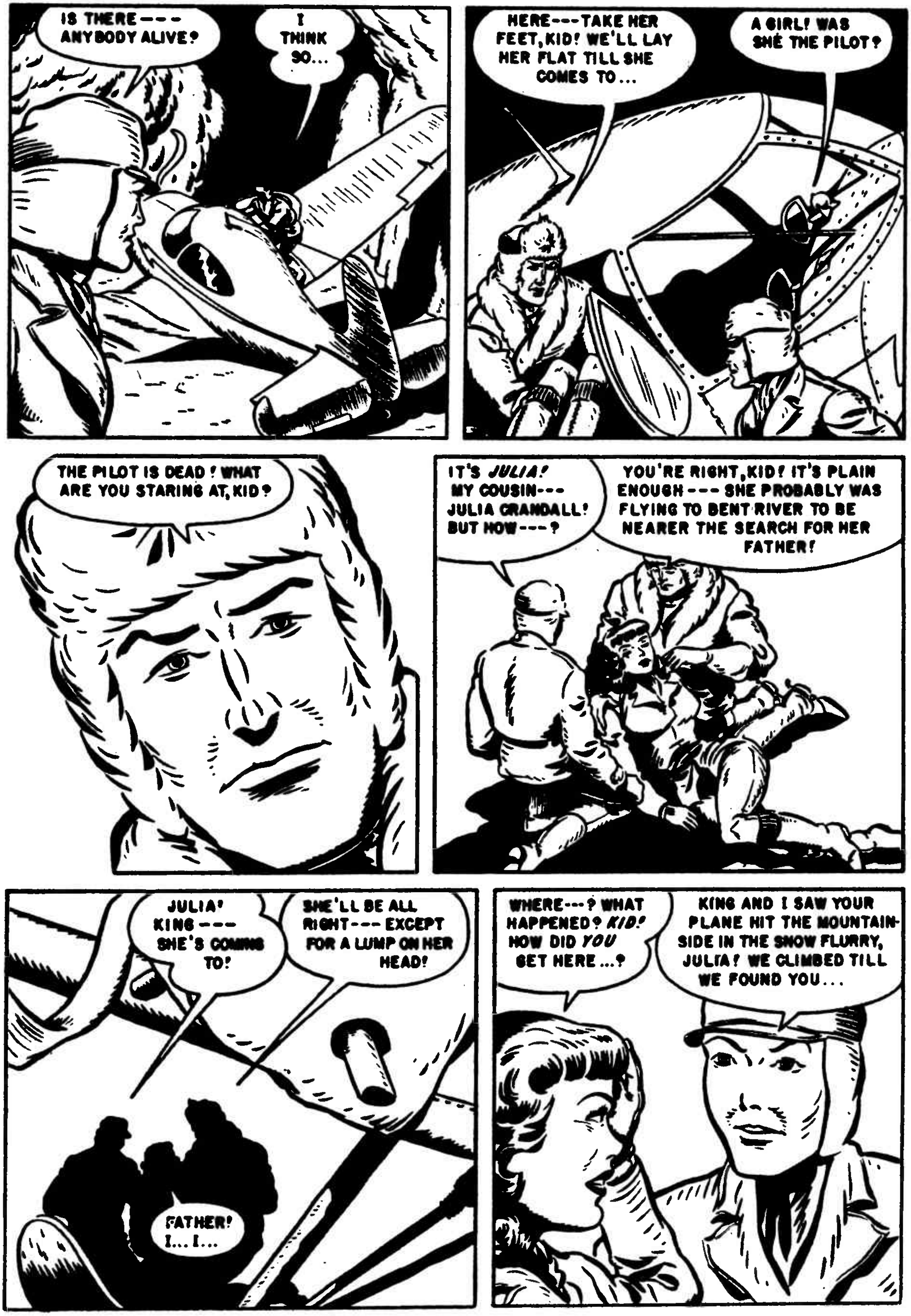

AS DAWN BANISHES THE NORTHERN LIGHTS---
HERE IS MY VILLAGE, KING...
--- AND CRANDALL!

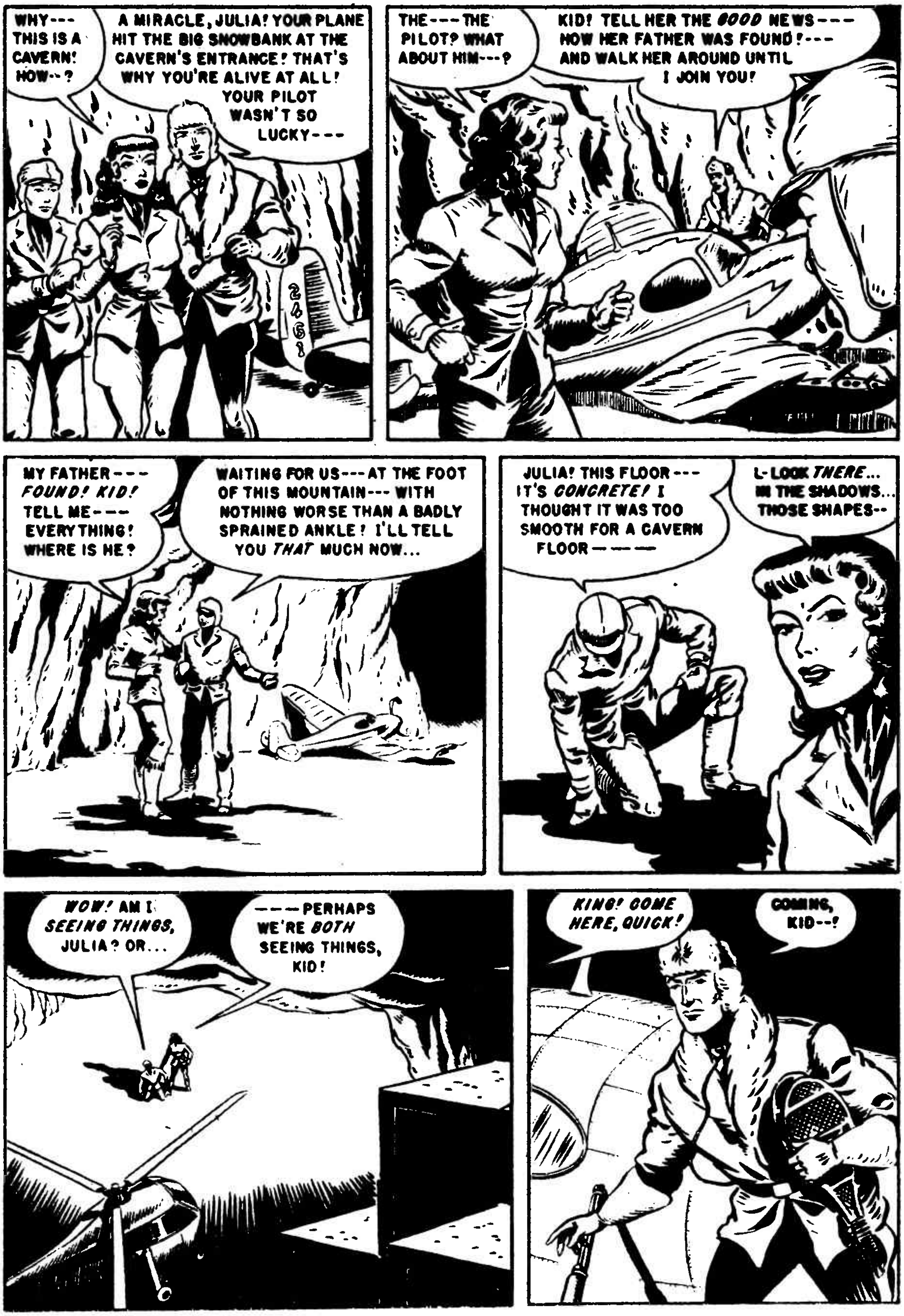

FROM ONE OF THE HUTS STEPS A BEARDED WHITE MAN, WALKING WITH A LIMP...
UNCLE RUPERT!
WHY---BLESS MY SOUL! *KID!*
UNCLE RUPERT... YOU KNOW KING?
SERGEANT KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED? I SHOULD SAY I DO! WHAT CRIME AM I CHARGED WITH---?
THE CRIME OF MAKING EVERYBODY THINK YOU WERE FOULLY MURDERED! TWO ESKIMO HUNTERS ARE IN JAIL AT BENT RIVER, CHARGED WITH KILLING AND ROBBING YOU, AND YOUR DAUGHTER IS FRANTIC WITH WORRY, CRANDALL...
MY WORD! I'M SORRY, KING! IT WAS LEAVING THAT BLOODY PARKA AND BROKEN GUN, I SUPPOSE! SAW NO NEED TO TAKE THEM WITH ME--- AND I *DID* WANT TO STUDY THIS STONE-AGE TRIBE OF INNUIT! SO I WENT WITH THEM...
BUT, COME IN! IT'S WARM IN THE HUT, AND YOU CAN REST...
BUT---UNCLE RUPERT----*WHAT* HAPPENED AT OUR TENT?
MY WORD! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DIDN'T I? ABOUT THE BEAR! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE SCENT LURE I WAS BREWING IN THE TENT, KID!
A POLAR BEAR? WAS *THAT* WHAT KNOCKED ME OUT?
YES, KID! I SHOT HIM TWICE, THROUGH THE TENT WALL--- THEN CRAWLED OUTSIDE AND SHOT HIM AGAIN! STILL, HE KNOCKED ME SILLY, AND RIPPED MY PARKA, AND BLED ALL OVER IT...

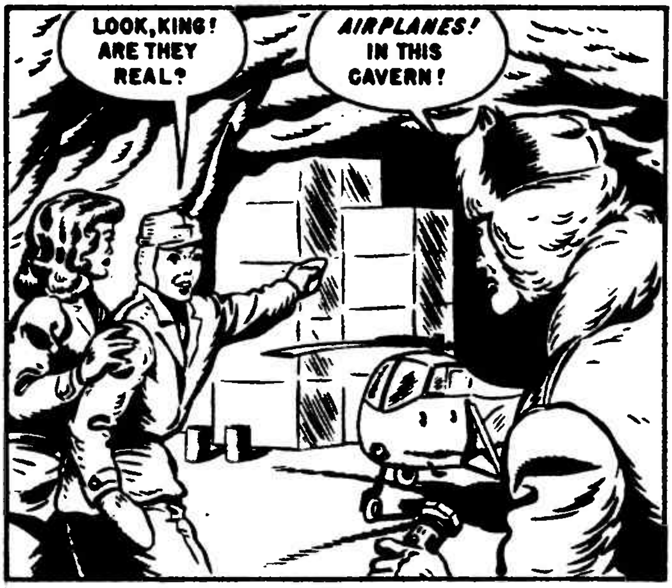

HERE'S SOME OF THE MEAT---ROASTED! GOOD EATING... WELL---INKLAVIK'S PEOPLE WERE HUNTING THE SAME BEAR! WHEN THEY AND THEIR DOGS HAD FINISHED HIM OFF, I ASKED TO GO ALONG WITH THEM... AND THAT'S ALL!
PHEW! IT'S *PLENTY!*
OH---ONE THING MORE... I SPRAINED MY ANKLE! CAN'T WALK OUT OF HERE YET---AND THE ESKIMOS WON'T TAKE ME ANYWHERE NEAR A SETTLEMENT....
WE'LL TAKE YOU OUT, DOCTOR CRANDALL! TOMORROW!
NEXT MORNING---LONG BEFORE DAYBREAK---
WE GO NOW, MY FRIENDS! GOOD HUNTING, INKLAVIK!
COME BACK AND HUNT SOME MORE BEAR WITH US!
LATER---AT DAWN---WITH THE MOUNTAINS VEILED IN SNOW---
DOCTOR CRANDALL---WHAT'S *YOUR* OPINION OF THE "*GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN*"?
"GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN?" WELL...THAT'S A PUZZLE! THERE'S NO ACTIVE VULCANISM IN THIS REGION! PERHAPS THE ROAR OF AN AVALANCHE MIGHT HAVE "SPOOKED" THE INNUIT...
KING! LISTEN! *THAT* SOUNDS LIKE AN *AIRPLANE'S ENGINE!*
HUMPH! IT DOES! AND IT'S COMING THIS WAY---*TOWARD* GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN---NOT *FROM* IT!

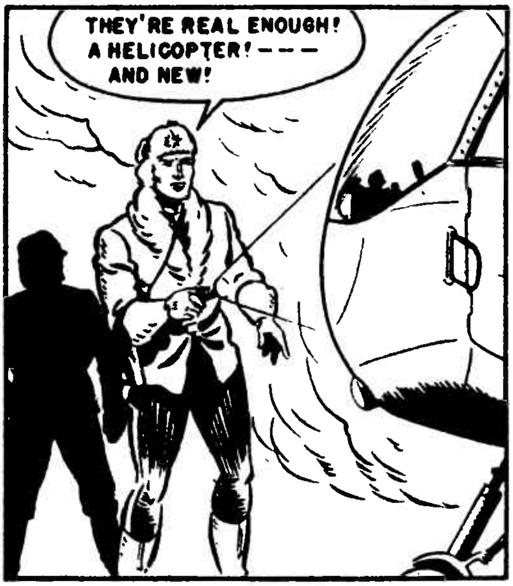

LOOK! IT'S HEADED *FOR THE MOUNTAIN!*
...FOR A CRASH!
IN A SUDDEN GAP IN THE SNOW FLURRIES, A SMALL PLANE APPEARS ...HEADED FOR CERTAIN DESTRUCTION...
RRRRRR
RRRRRRR
AS THE AWED WATCHERS BELOW HOLD THEIR BREATHS, A BIG PUFF OF SNOW MARKS THE PLANE'S DISAPPEARANCE.
SNUFFED OUT--- LIKE THAT! IT'S ---AWFUL, KING!
NO SOUND--- NO SMOKE! AND YET, WE'RE NEAR ENOUGH---
THERE'S A CHANCE A SNOW-DRIFT CUSHIONED THE CRASH! I'M GOING TO SEE---
I'M COMING WITH YOU, KING!
WATCH YOUR STEP ON THAT MOUNTAINSIDE, KING--- AND KID! I'D COME, TOO, IF I COULD!

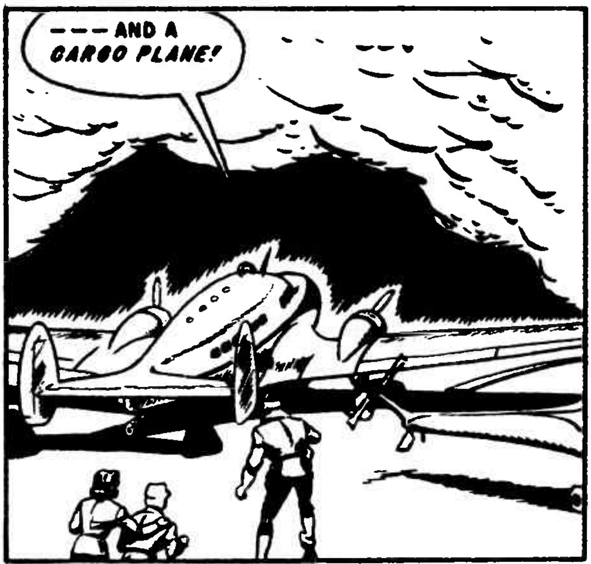

AN HOUR LATER--- ON THE LEDGE WHERE THE PLANE VANISHED---
KING! A--- CAVERN MOUTH!
YES... CHOKED WITH SOFT SNOW! THE PLANE PLOWED THROUGH!
A THING LIKE THIS WOULDN'T ---COULDN'T...HAPPEN ONCE IN SEVERAL MILLION CHANCES---!
THEN YOU THINK--- THERE'S A CHANCE?
THROUGH FLUFFY SNOW, KING AND KID STRUGGLE INTO THE OPENING.
IT'S FARTHER IN!
THERE'S A BROKEN-OFF WING TIP!
THE DOOR'S STILL CLOSED---!
STAND BACK, KID! DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL FIND...

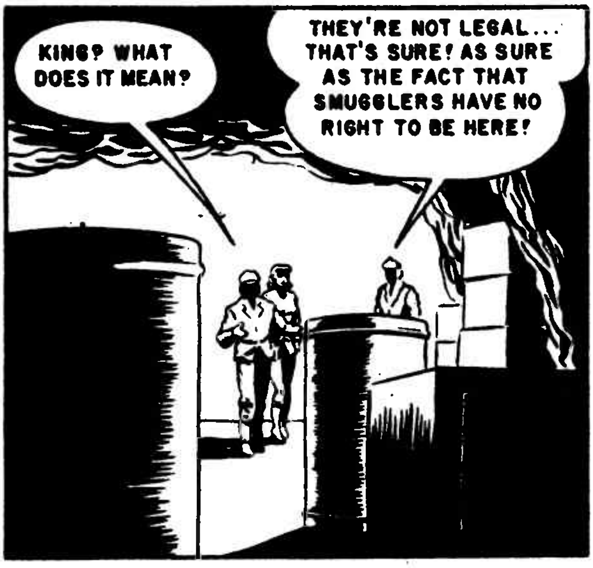

IS THERE--- ANYBODY ALIVE?
I THINK SO...
HERE---TAKE HER FEET, KID! WE'LL LAY HER FLAT TILL SHE COMES TO...
A GIRL! WAS SHE THE PILOT?
THE PILOT IS DEAD! WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, KID?
IT'S *JULIA!* MY COUSIN--- JULIA CRANDALL! BUT HOW---?
YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! IT'S PLAIN ENOUGH --- SHE PROBABLY WAS FLYING TO BENT RIVER TO BE NEARER THE SEARCH FOR HER FATHER!
JULIA! KING --- SHE'S COMING TO!
SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT--- EXCEPT FOR A LUMP ON HER HEAD!
FATHER! I... I...
WHERE---? WHAT HAPPENED? *KID!* HOW DID *YOU* GET HERE...?
KING AND I SAW YOUR PLANE HIT THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE IN THE SNOW FLURRY, JULIA! WE CLIMBED TILL WE FOUND YOU...

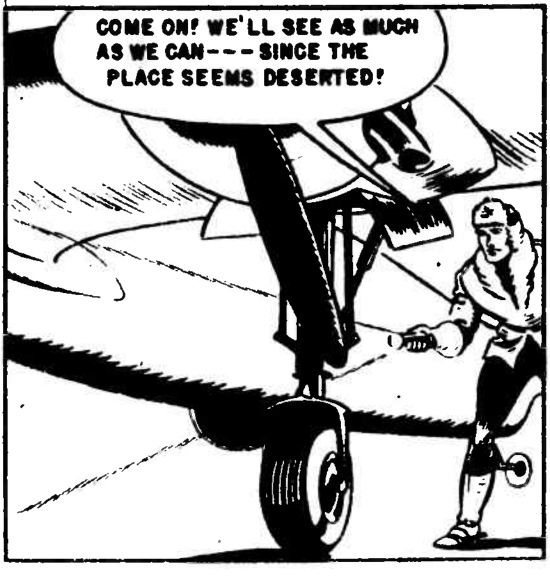

WHY--- THIS IS A CAVERN! HOW--?
A MIRACLE, JULIA! YOUR PLANE HIT THE BIG SNOWBANK AT THE CAVERN'S ENTRANCE! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ALIVE AT ALL! YOUR PILOT WASN'T SO LUCKY---
2461
THE---THE PILOT? WHAT ABOUT HIM---?
KID! TELL HER THE *GOOD* NEWS--- HOW HER FATHER WAS FOUND!--- AND WALK HER AROUND UNTIL I JOIN YOU!
MY FATHER--- *FOUND! KID!* TELL ME--- EVERYTHING! WHERE IS HE?
WAITING FOR US---AT THE FOOT OF THIS MOUNTAIN--- WITH NOTHING WORSE THAN A BADLY SPRAINED ANKLE! I'LL TELL YOU *THAT* MUCH NOW...
JULIA! THIS FLOOR--- IT'S *CONCRETE!* I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO SMOOTH FOR A CAVERN FLOOR———
L-LOOK *THERE*... IN THE SHADOWS... THOSE SHAPES--
WOW! AM I *SEEING THINGS,* JULIA? OR...
———PERHAPS WE'RE *BOTH* SEEING THINGS, KID!
KING! COME HERE, QUICK!
COMING, KID--!

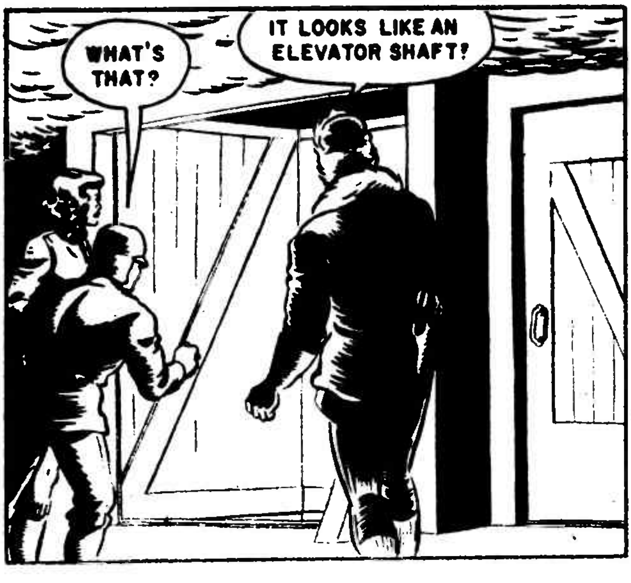

LOOK, KING! ARE THEY REAL?
AIRPLANES! IN THIS CAVERN!

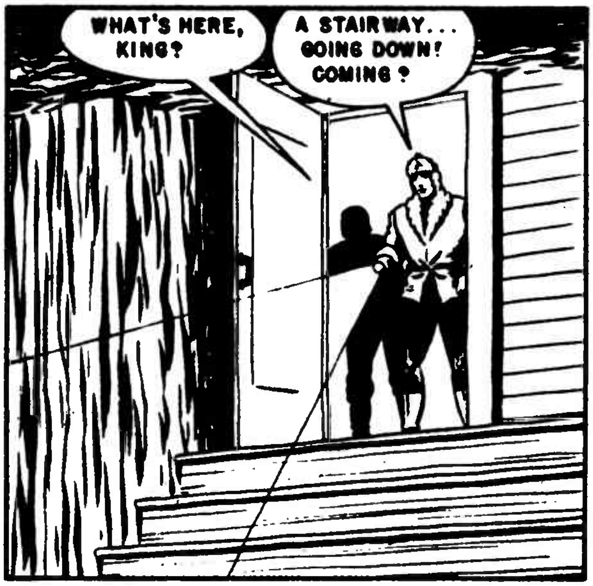

THEY'RE REAL ENOUGH! A HELICOPTER! --- AND NEW!

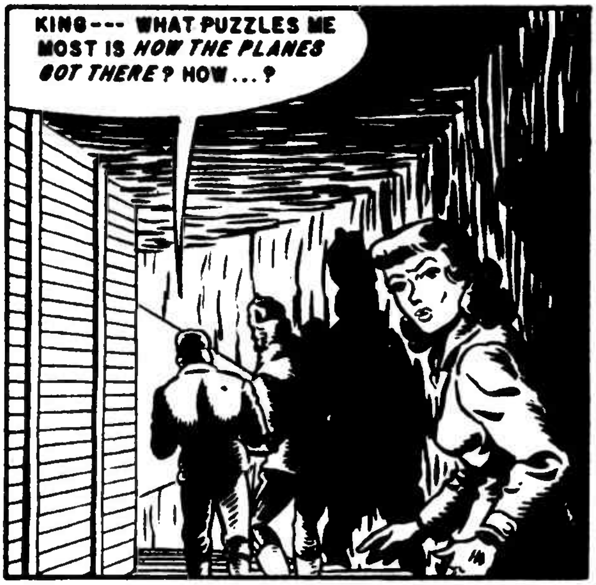

--- AND A CARGO PLANE!

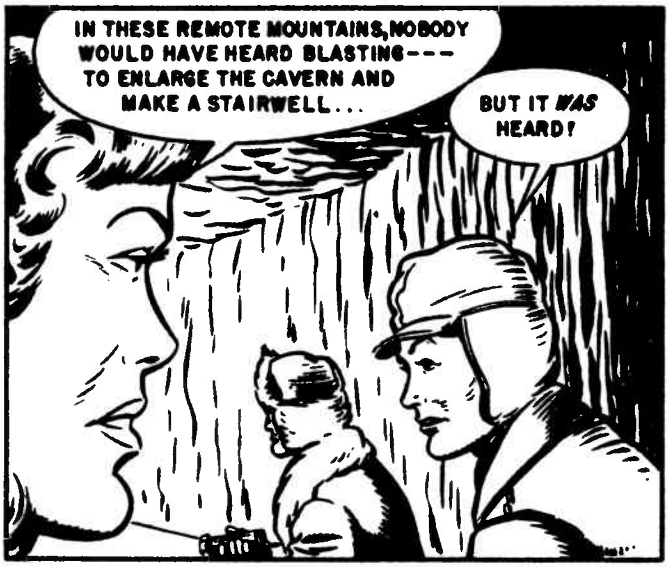

KING? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THEY'RE NOT LEGAL... THAT'S SURE! AS SURE AS THE FACT THAT SMUGGLERS HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!

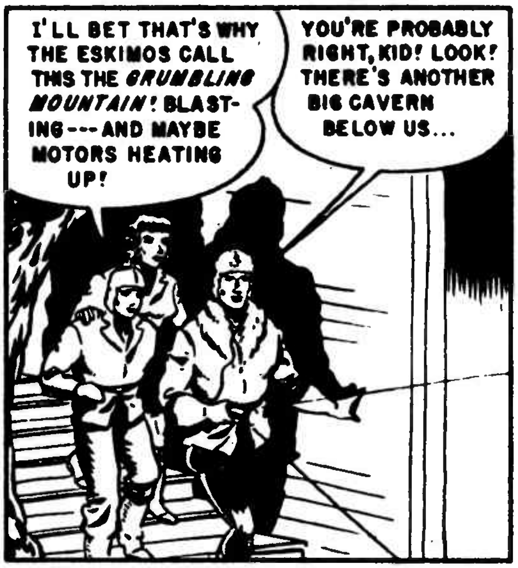

COME ON! WE'LL SEE AS MUCH AS WE CAN --- SINCE THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!

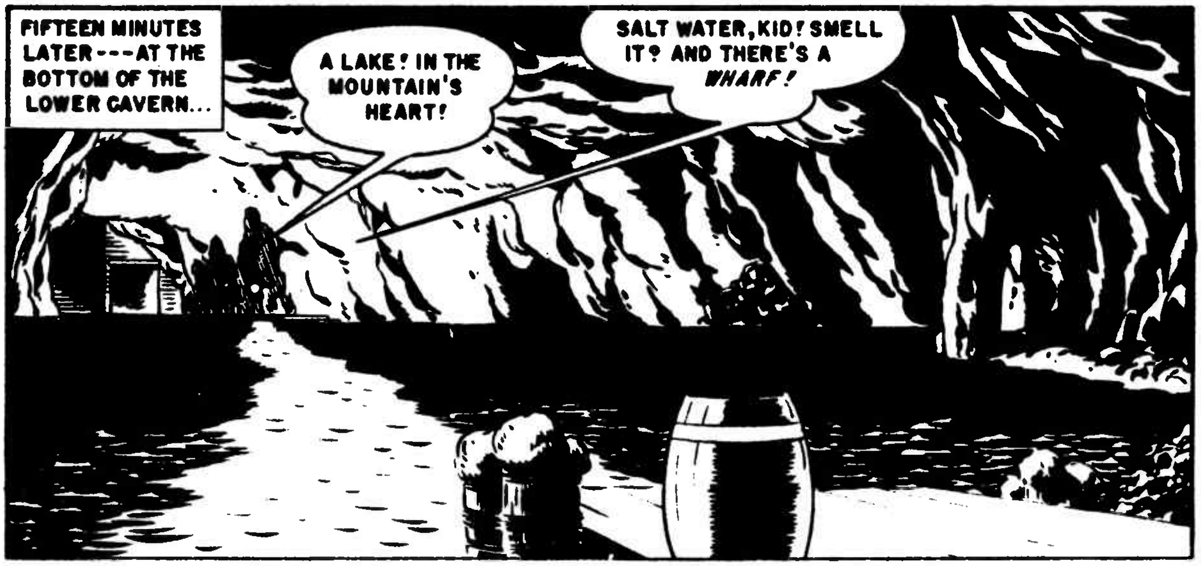

WHAT'S THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE AN ELEVATOR SHAFT!

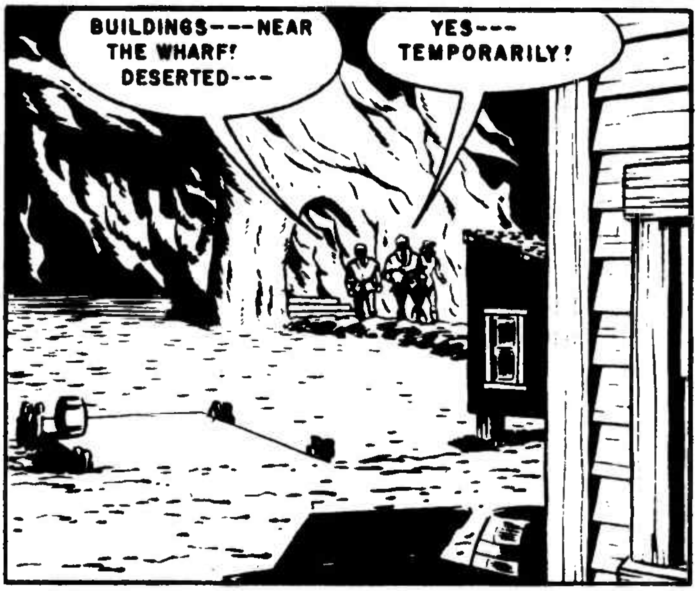

WHAT'S HERE, KING?
A STAIRWAY... GOING DOWN! COMING?

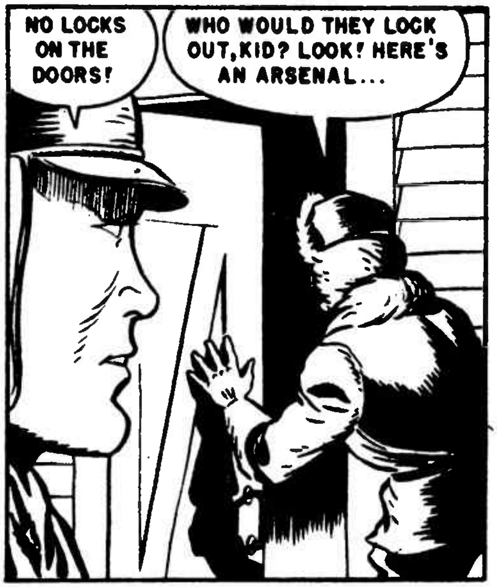

KING--- WHAT PUZZLES ME MOST IS *HOW THE PLANES GOT THERE*? HOW...?

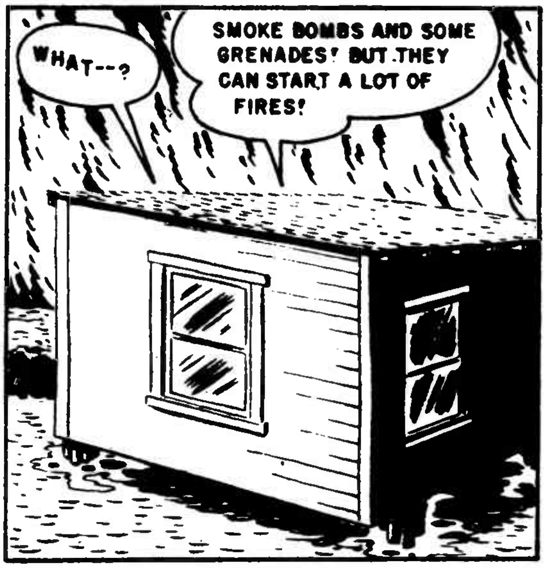

IN THESE REMOTE MOUNTAINS, NOBODY WOULD HAVE HEARD BLASTING--- TO ENLARGE THE CAVERN AND MAKE A STAIRWELL...
BUT IT *WAS* HEARD!

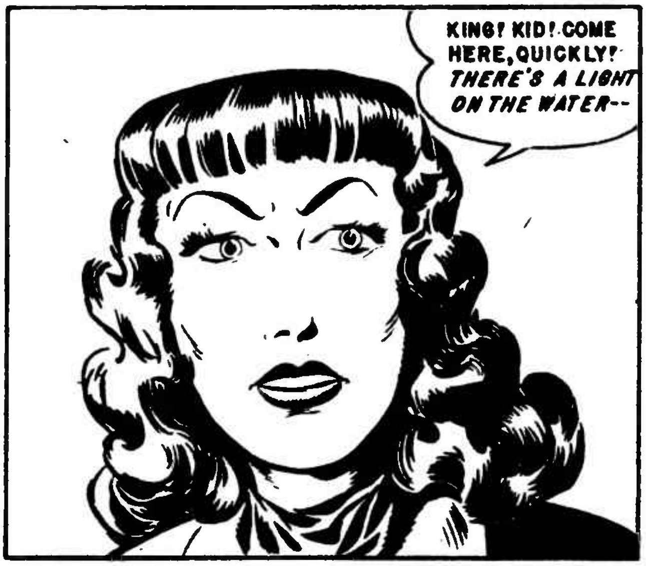

I'LL BET THAT'S WHY THE ESKIMOS CALL THIS THE *GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN*! BLASTING---AND MAYBE MOTORS HEATING UP!
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, KID! LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER BIG CAVERN BELOW US...

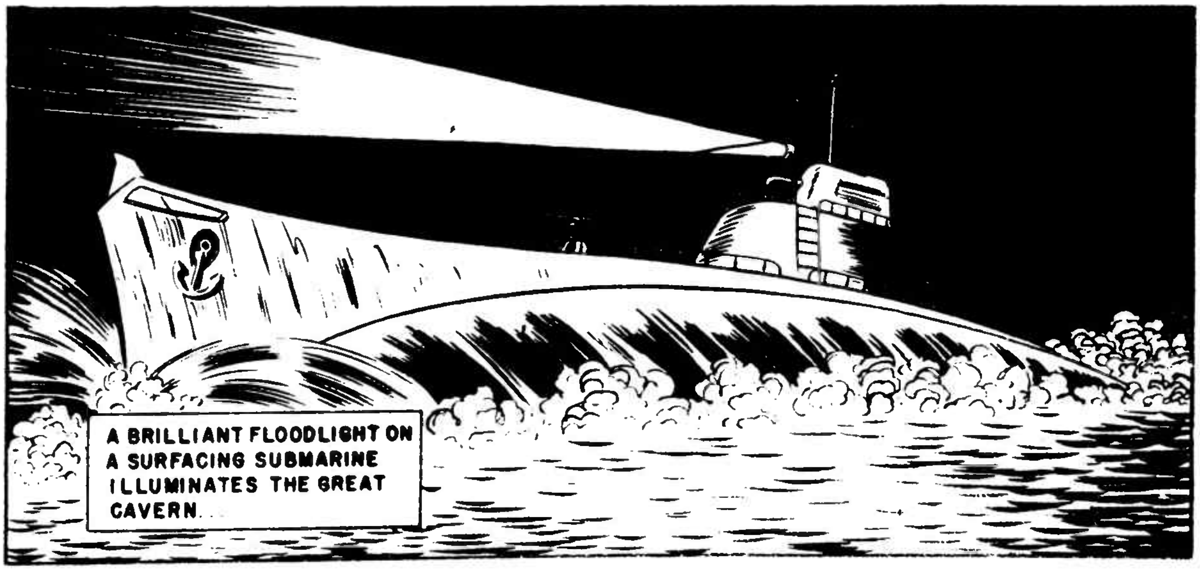

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER---AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOWER CAVERN...
A LAKE! IN THE MOUNTAIN'S HEART!
SALT WATER, KID! SMELL IT? AND THERE'S A *WHARF*!

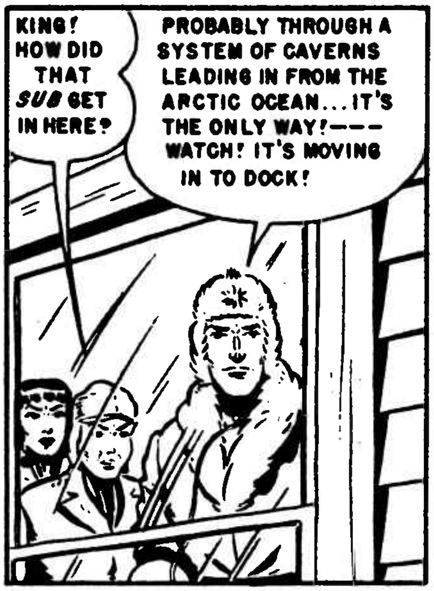

BUILDINGS---NEAR THE WHARF! DESERTED---
YES--- TEMPORARILY!

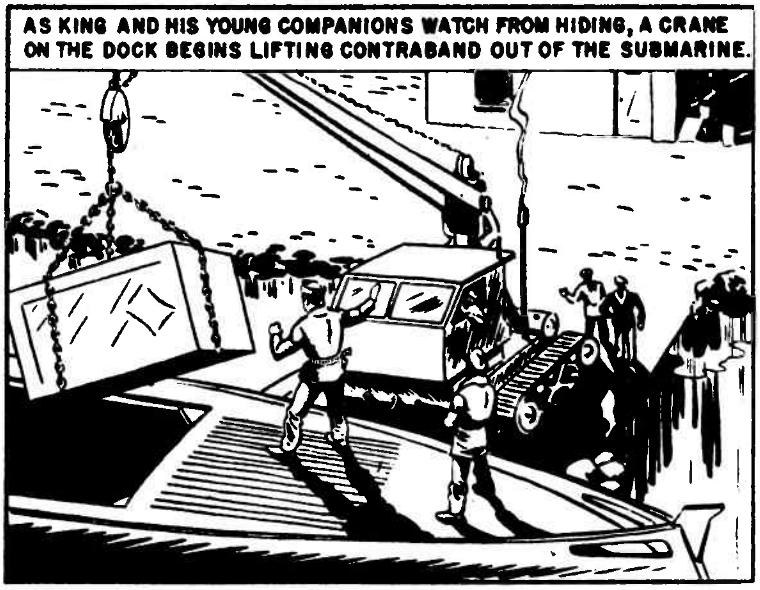

NO LOCKS ON THE DOORS!
WHO WOULD THEY LOCK OUT, KID? LOOK! HERE'S AN ARSENAL...

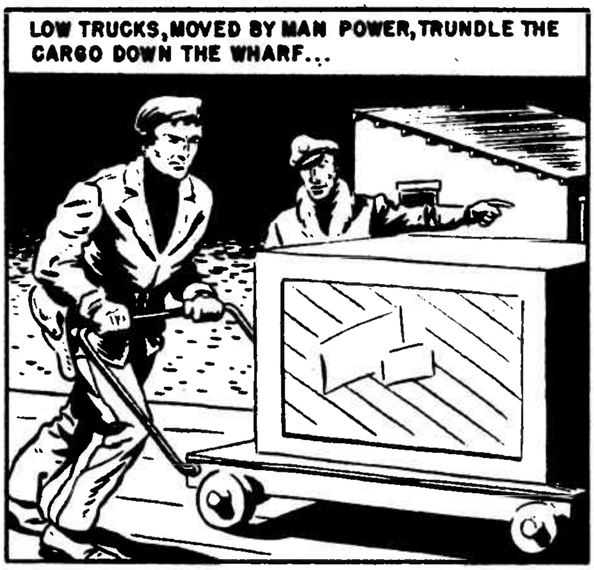

WHAT--?
SMOKE BOMBS AND SOME GRENADES! BUT THEY CAN START A LOT OF FIRES!

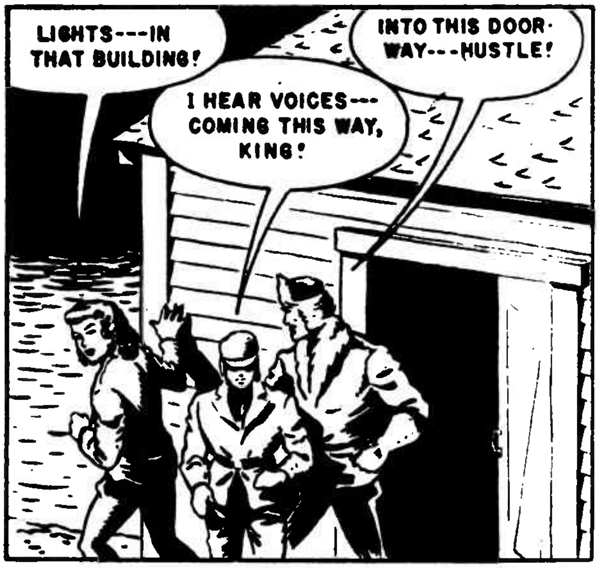

KING! KID! COME HERE, QUICKLY! *THERE'S A LIGHT ON THE WATER*--

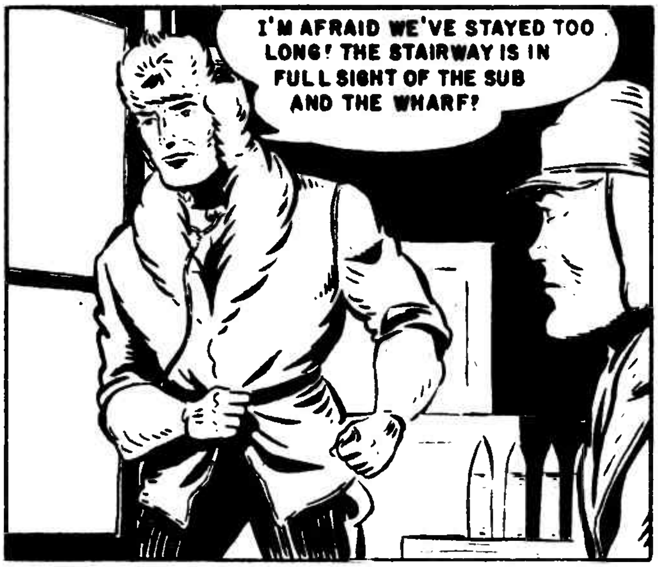

A BRILLIANT FLOODLIGHT ON A SURFACING SUBMARINE ILLUMINATES THE GREAT CAVERN...

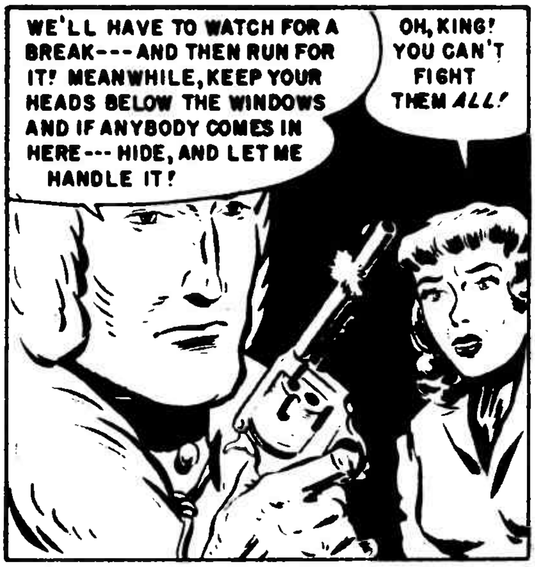

KING! HOW DID THAT *SUB* GET IN HERE?
PROBABLY THROUGH A SYSTEM OF CAVERNS LEADING IN FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN...IT'S THE ONLY WAY!——— WATCH! IT'S MOVING IN TO DOCK!

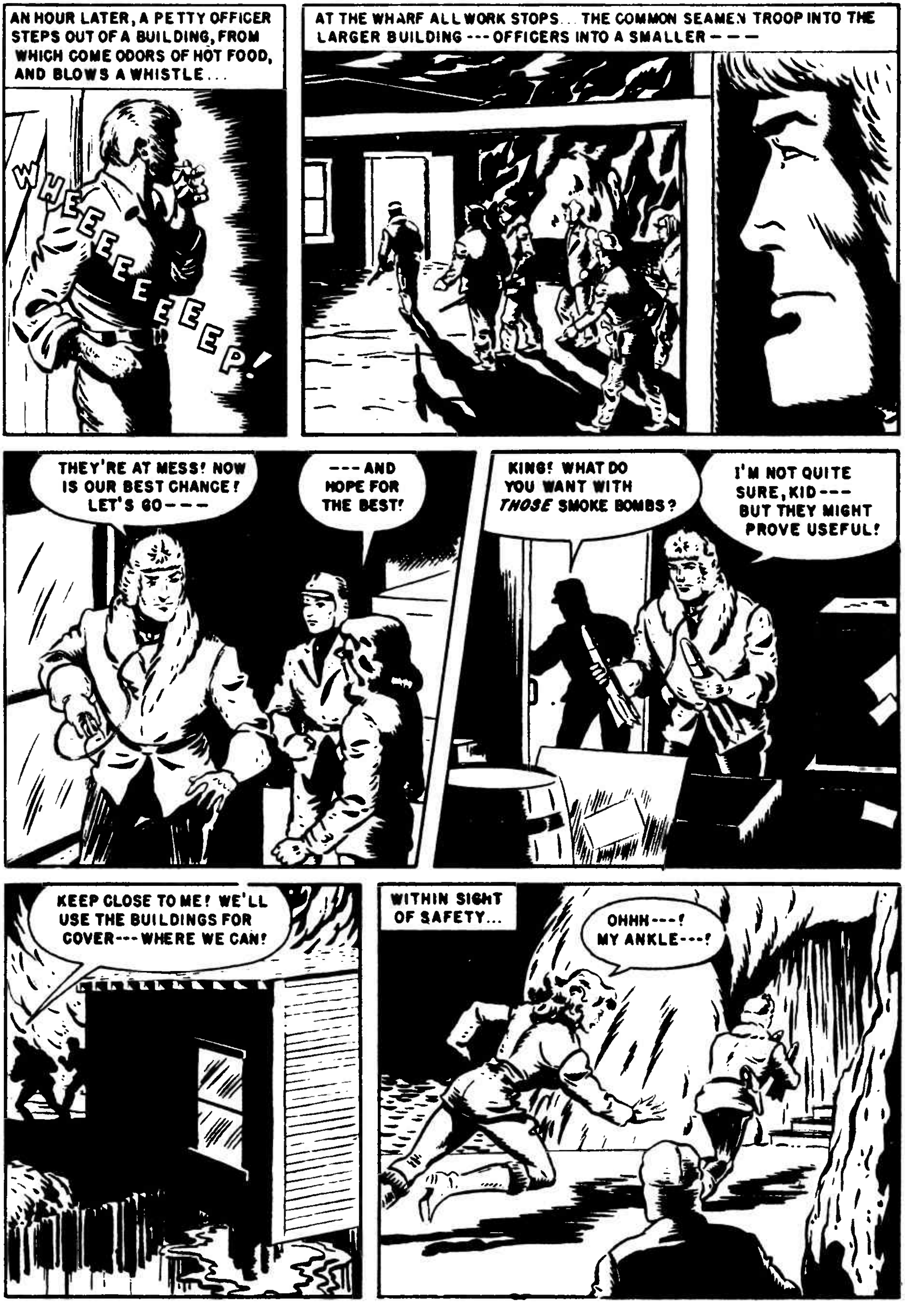

AS KING AND HIS YOUNG COMPANIONS WATCH FROM HIDING, A CRANE ON THE DOCK BEGINS LIFTING CONTRABAND OUT OF THE SUBMARINE.

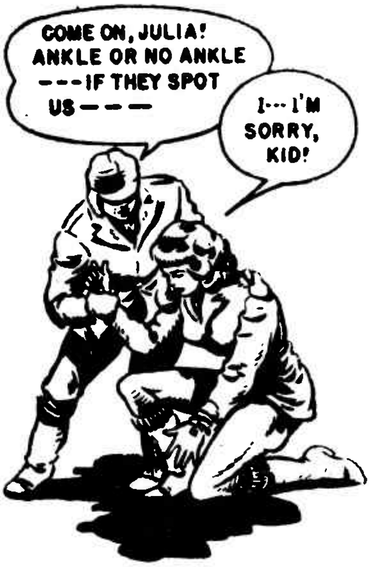

LOW TRUCKS, MOVED BY MAN POWER, TRUNDLE THE CARGO DOWN THE WHARF...

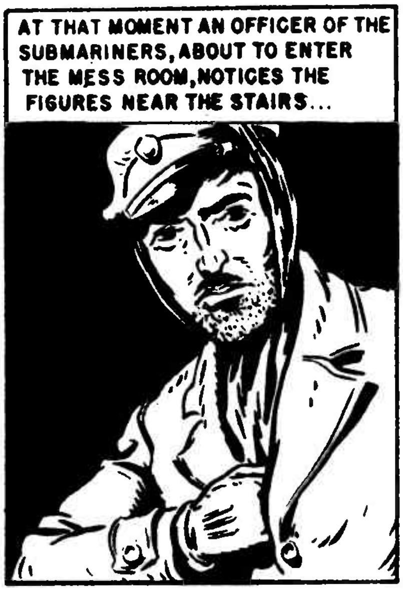

LIGHTS---IN THAT BUILDING!
INTO THIS DOORWAY---HUSTLE!
I HEAR VOICES--- COMING THIS WAY, KING!

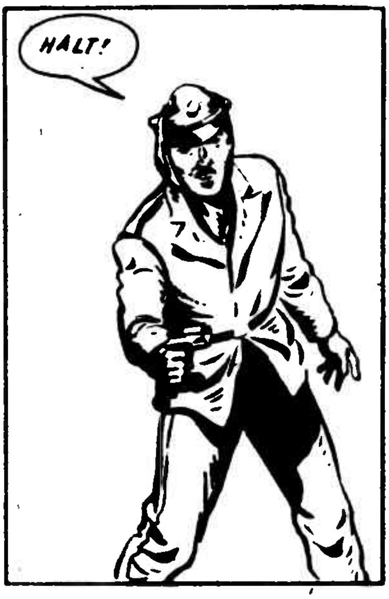

I'M AFRAID WE'VE STAYED TOO LONG! THE STAIRWAY IS IN FULL SIGHT OF THE SUB AND THE WHARF!

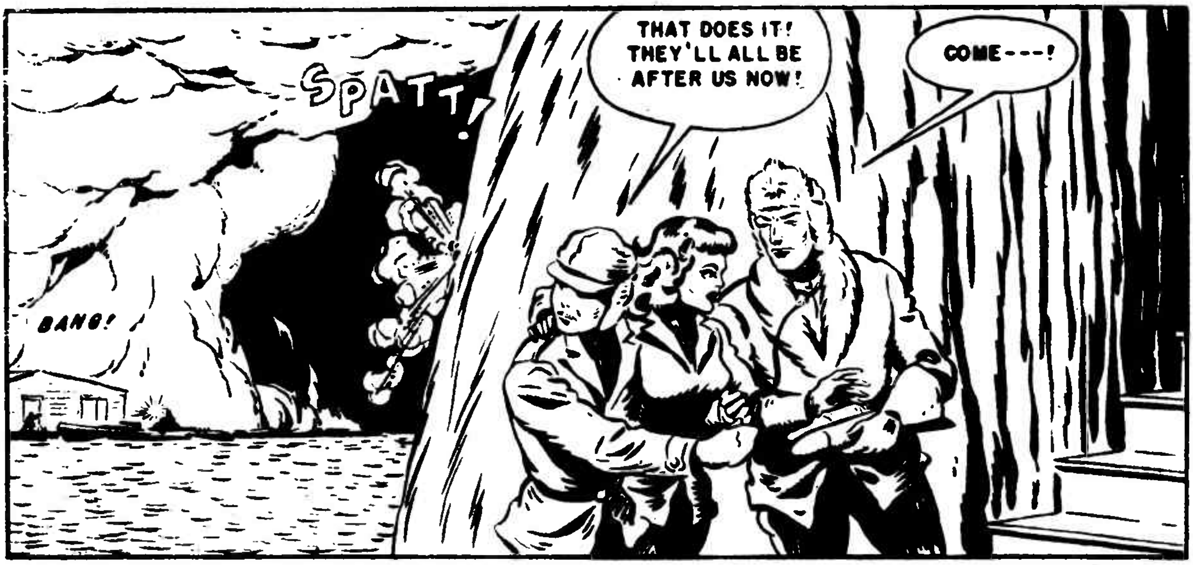

WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH FOR A BREAK---AND THEN RUN FOR IT! MEANWHILE, KEEP YOUR HEADS BELOW THE WINDOWS AND IF ANYBODY COMES IN HERE--- HIDE, AND LET ME HANDLE IT!
OH, KING! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THEM *ALL!*

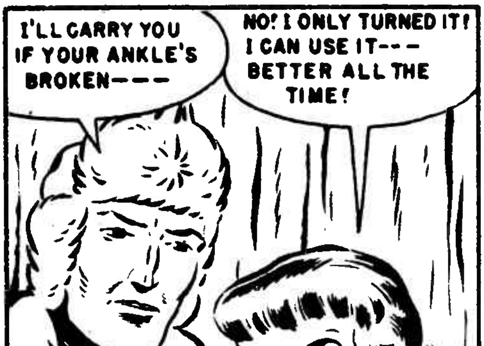

AN HOUR LATER, A PETTY OFFICER STEPS OUT OF A BUILDING, FROM WHICH COME ODORS OF HOT FOOD, AND BLOWS A WHISTLE...
WHEEEEEEEEP!
AT THE WHARF ALL WORK STOPS... THE COMMON SEAMEN TROOP INTO THE LARGER BUILDING --- OFFICERS INTO A SMALLER ---
THEY'RE AT MESS! NOW IS OUR BEST CHANCE! LET'S GO ---
--- AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!
KING! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH *THOSE* SMOKE BOMBS?
I'M NOT QUITE SURE, KID --- BUT THEY MIGHT PROVE USEFUL!
KEEP CLOSE TO ME! WE'LL USE THE BUILDINGS FOR COVER --- WHERE WE CAN!
WITHIN SIGHT OF SAFETY...
OHHH ---! MY ANKLE ---!

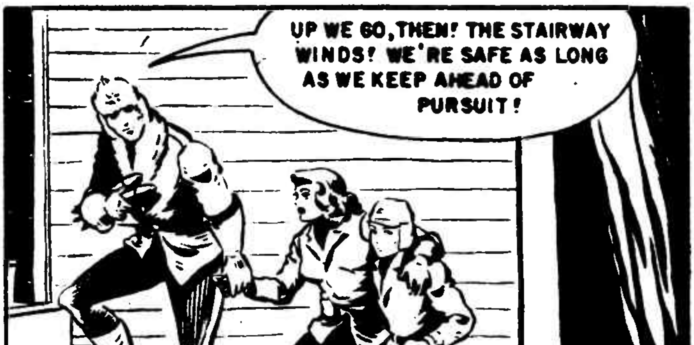

COME ON, JULIA! ANKLE OR NO ANKLE ---IF THEY SPOT US---
I---I'M SORRY, KID!

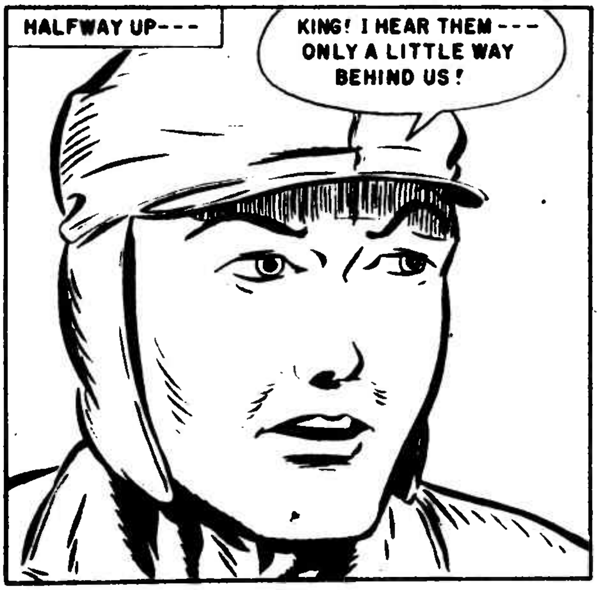

AT THAT MOMENT AN OFFICER OF THE SUBMARINERS, ABOUT TO ENTER THE MESS ROOM, NOTICES THE FIGURES NEAR THE STAIRS...

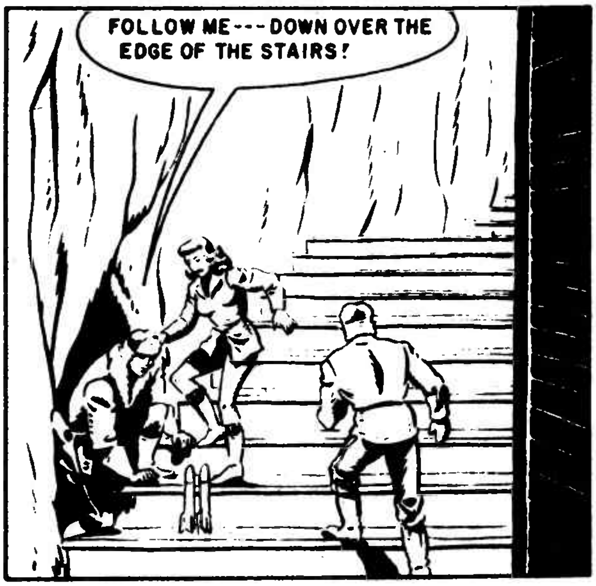

HALT!

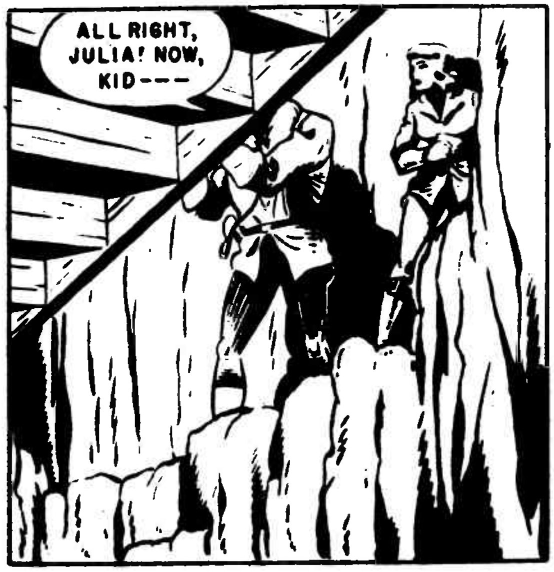

SPATT!
BANG!
THAT DOES IT! THEY'LL ALL BE AFTER US NOW!
COME---!

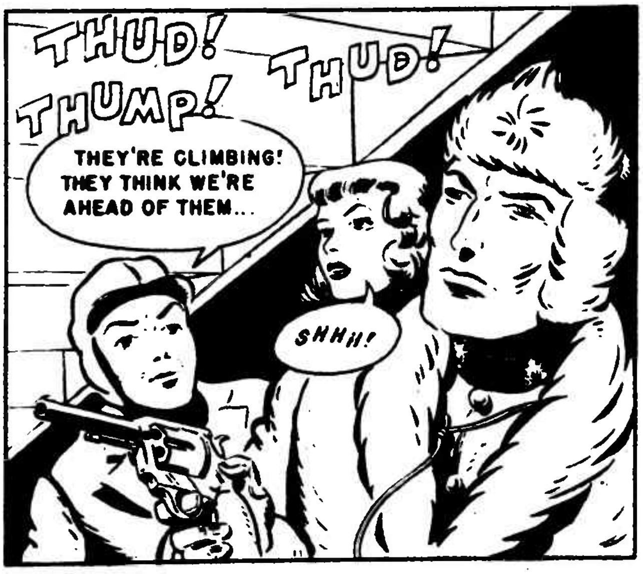

I'LL CARRY YOU IF YOUR ANKLE'S BROKEN---
NO! I ONLY TURNED IT! I CAN USE IT--- BETTER ALL THE TIME!

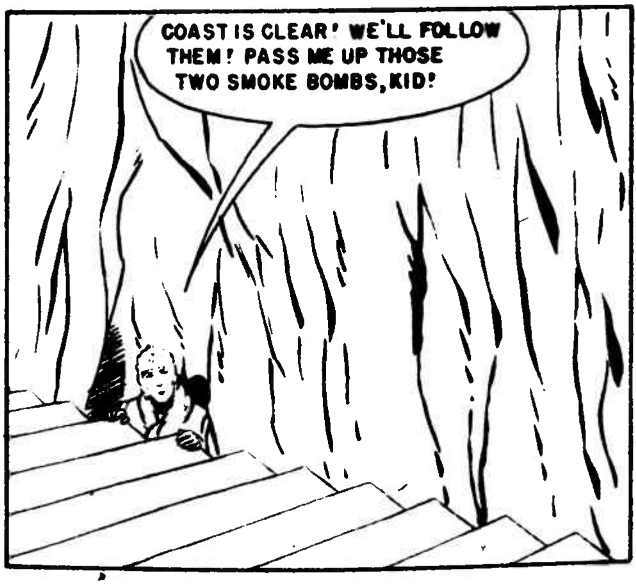

UP WE GO, THEN! THE STAIRWAY WINDS! WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS WE KEEP AHEAD OF PURSUIT!

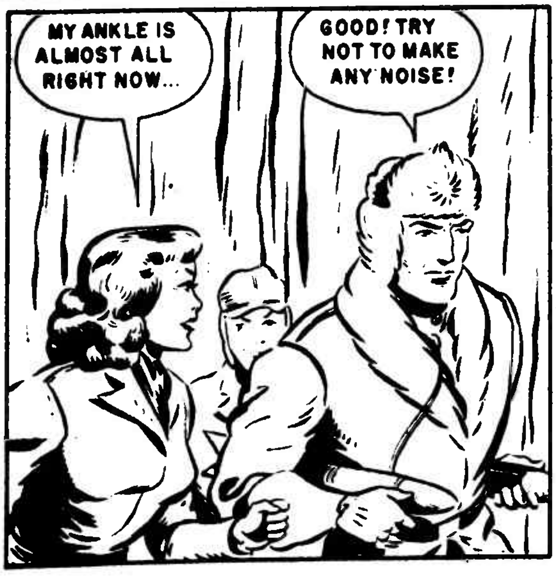

HALFWAY UP---
KING! I HEAR THEM --- ONLY A LITTLE WAY BEHIND US!

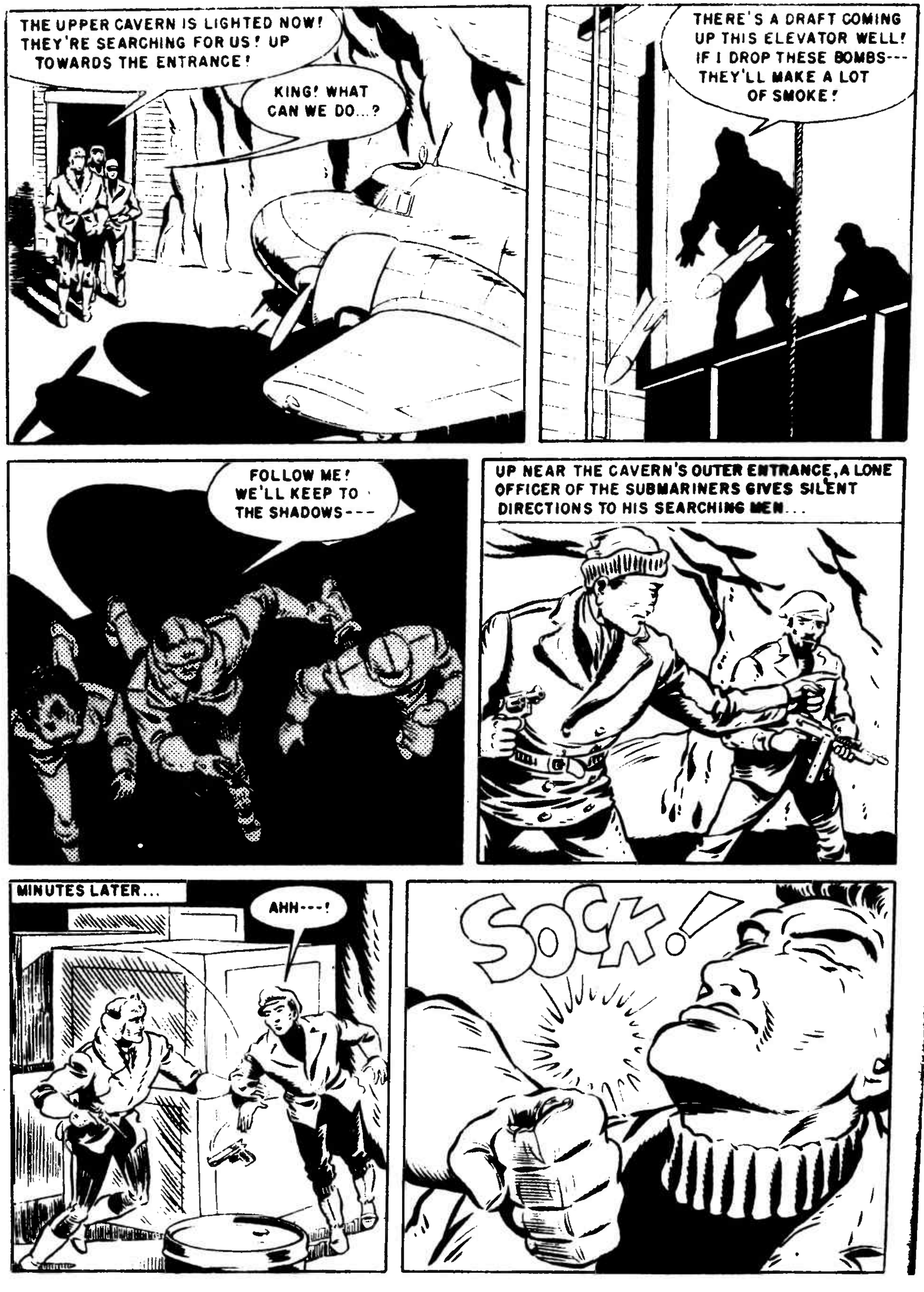

FOLLOW ME---DOWN OVER THE EDGE OF THE STAIRS!

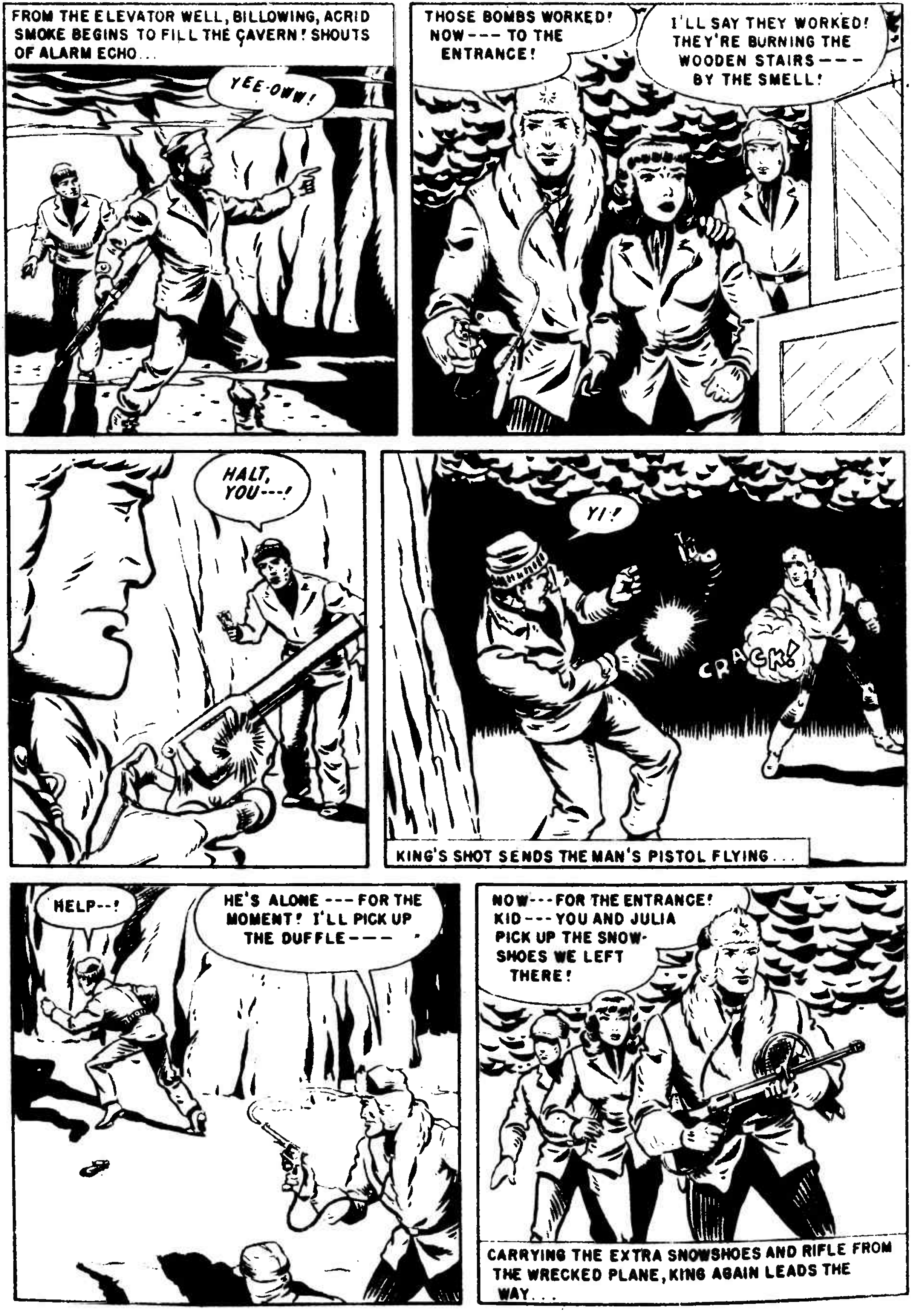

ALL RIGHT, JULIA! NOW, KID---

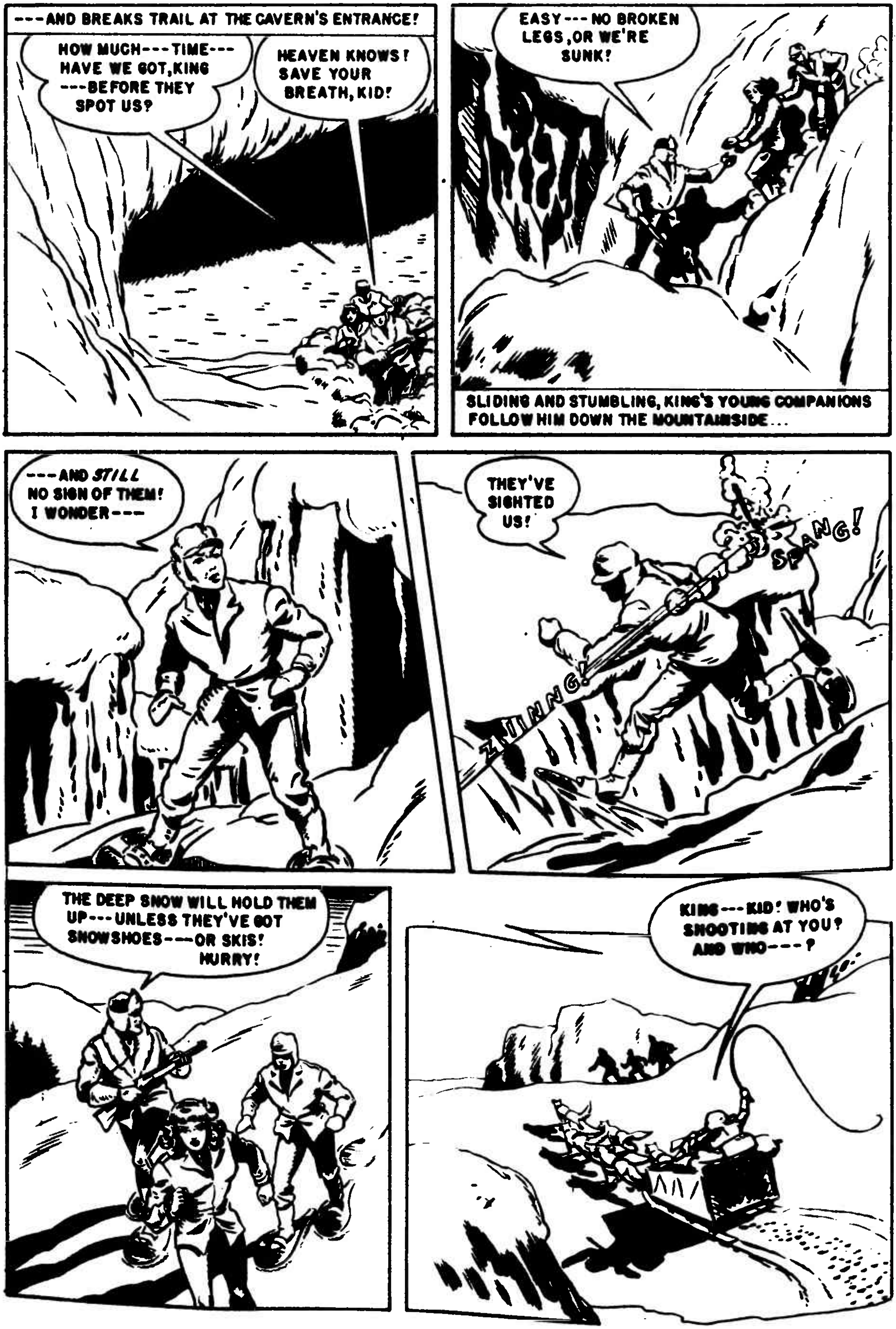

THUD!
THUD!
THUMP!
THEY'RE CLIMBING! THEY THINK WE'RE AHEAD OF THEM...
SHHH!

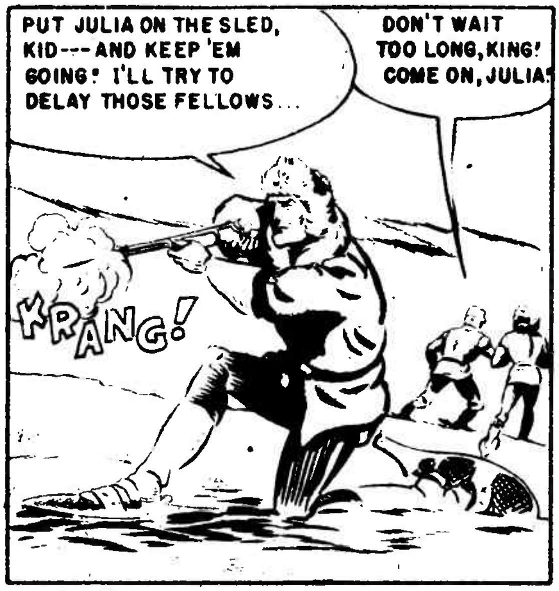

COAST IS CLEAR! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM! PASS ME UP THOSE TWO SMOKE BOMBS, KID!

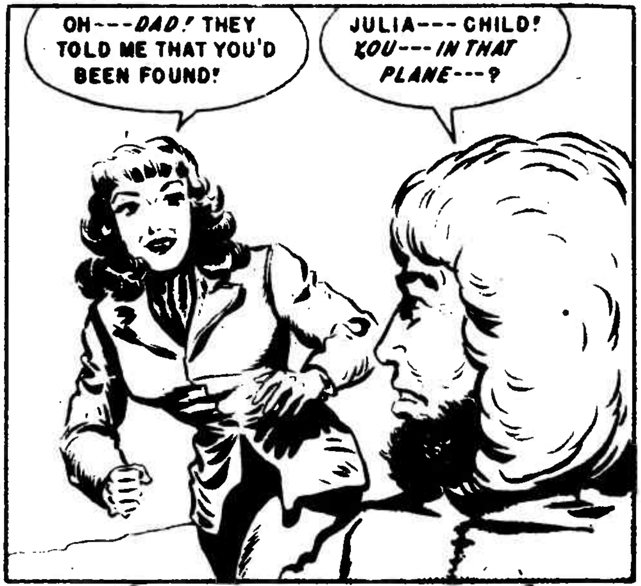

MY ANKLE IS ALMOST ALL RIGHT NOW...
GOOD! TRY NOT TO MAKE ANY NOISE!

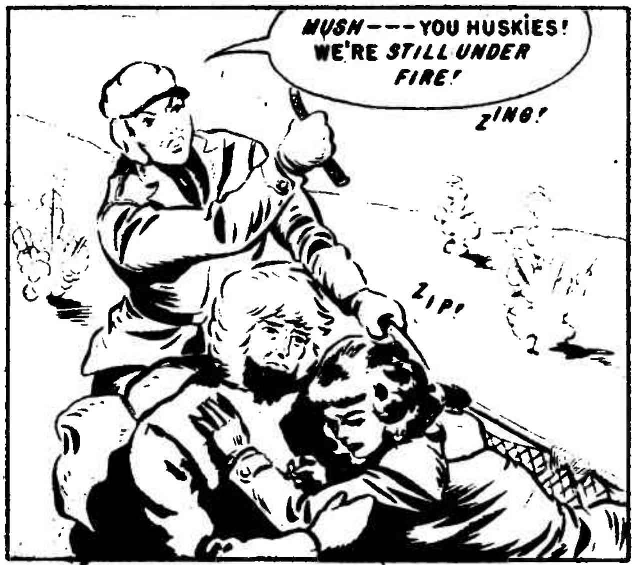

THE UPPER CAVERN IS LIGHTED NOW! THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR US! UP TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE!
KING! WHAT CAN WE DO...?
THERE'S A DRAFT COMING UP THIS ELEVATOR WELL! IF I DROP THESE BOMBS--- THEY'LL MAKE A LOT OF SMOKE!
FOLLOW ME! WE'LL KEEP TO THE SHADOWS---
UP NEAR THE CAVERN'S OUTER ENTRANCE, A LONE OFFICER OF THE SUBMARINERS GIVES SILENT DIRECTIONS TO HIS SEARCHING MEN...
MINUTES LATER...
AHH---!
SOCK!

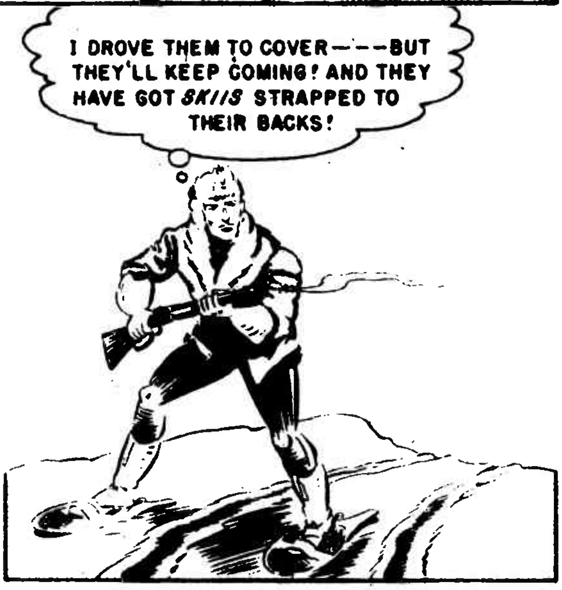

FROM THE ELEVATOR WELL, BILLOWING, ACRID SMOKE BEGINS TO FILL THE CAVERN! SHOUTS OF ALARM ECHO...
YEE-OWW!
THOSE BOMBS WORKED! NOW --- TO THE ENTRANCE!
I'LL SAY THEY WORKED! THEY'RE BURNING THE WOODEN STAIRS --- BY THE SMELL!
HALT, YOU---!
YI!
CRACK!
KING'S SHOT SENDS THE MAN'S PISTOL FLYING...
HELP--!
HE'S ALONE --- FOR THE MOMENT! I'LL PICK UP THE DUFFLE---
NOW---FOR THE ENTRANCE! KID---YOU AND JULIA PICK UP THE SNOWSHOES WE LEFT THERE!
CARRYING THE EXTRA SNOWSHOES AND RIFLE FROM THE WRECKED PLANE, KING AGAIN LEADS THE WAY...

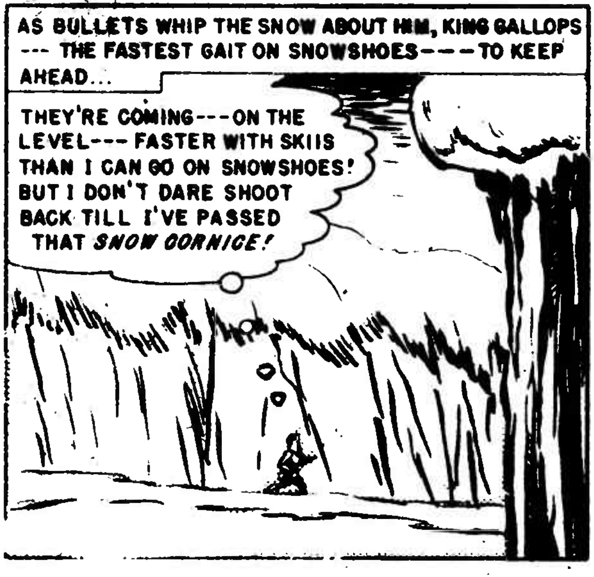

---AND BREAKS TRAIL AT THE CAVERN'S ENTRANCE!
HOW MUCH---TIME---HAVE WE GOT,KING ---BEFORE THEY SPOT US?
HEAVEN KNOWS! SAVE YOUR BREATH, KID!
EASY---NO BROKEN LEGS,OR WE'RE SUNK!
SLIDING AND STUMBLING, KING'S YOUNG COMPANIONS FOLLOW HIM DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE...
---AND STILL NO SIGN OF THEM! I WONDER---
THEY'VE SIGHTED US!
SPANG!
ZINNG!
THE DEEP SNOW WILL HOLD THEM UP---UNLESS THEY'VE GOT SNOWSHOES---OR SKIS! HURRY!
KING---KID! WHO'S SHOOTING AT YOU? AND WHO---?

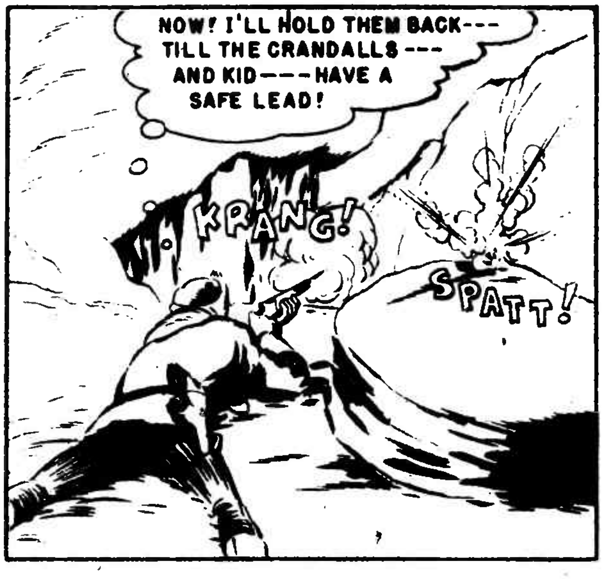

PUT JULIA ON THE SLED, KID---AND KEEP 'EM GOING! I'LL TRY TO DELAY THOSE FELLOWS...
DON'T WAIT TOO LONG, KING! COME ON, JULIA!
KRANG!


OH---DAD! THEY TOLD ME THAT YOU'D BEEN FOUND!
JULIA---CHILD! YOU---IN THAT PLANE---?

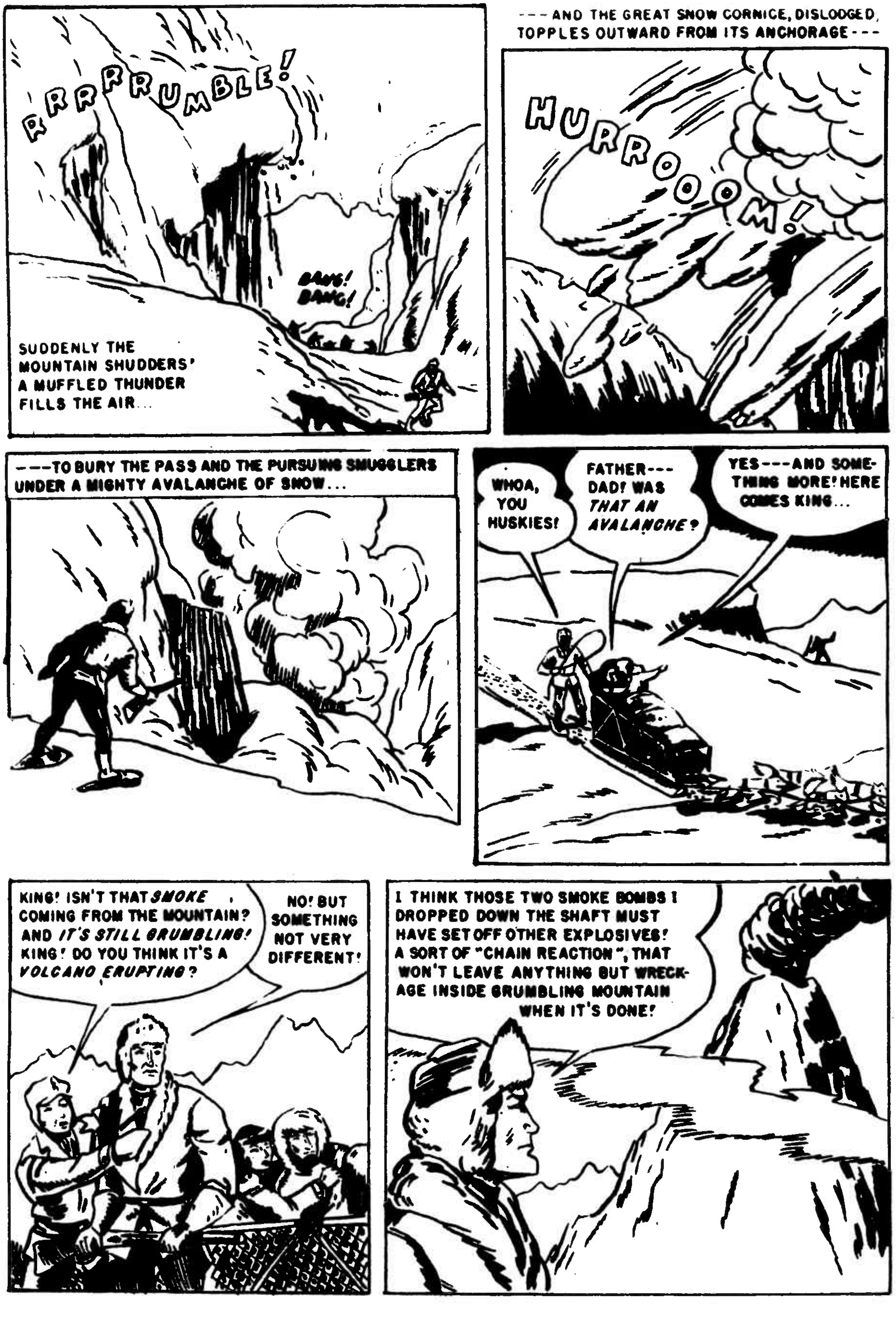

MUSH---YOU HUSKIES! WE'RE STILL UNDER FIRE!
ZING!
ZIP!


I DROVE THEM TO COVER---BUT THEY'LL KEEP COMING! AND THEY HAVE GOT SKIIS STRAPPED TO THEIR BACKS!


AS BULLETS WHIP THE SNOW ABOUT HIM, KING GALLOPS --- THE FASTEST GAIT ON SNOWSHOES---TO KEEP AHEAD...
THEY'RE COMING---ON THE LEVEL---FASTER WITH SKIIS THAN I CAN GO ON SNOWSHOES! BUT I DON'T DARE SHOOT BACK TILL I'VE PASSED THAT SNOW CORNICE!


NOW! I'LL HOLD THEM BACK--- TILL THE CRANDALLS --- AND KID---HAVE A SAFE LEAD!
KRANG!
SPATT!

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publishers, Shakespeare Head Press Pty. Ltd., 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.


RRRRRUMBLE!
BANG! BANG!
SUDDENLY THE MOUNTAIN SHUDDERS' A MUFFLED THUNDER FILLS THE AIR...
---AND THE GREAT SNOW CORNICE, DISLODGED, TOPPLES OUTWARD FROM ITS ANCHORAGE---
HURROOOM!
---TO BURY THE PASS AND THE PURSUING SMUGGLERS UNDER A MIGHTY AVALANCHE OF SNOW...
WHOA, YOU HUSKIES!
FATHER--- DAD! WAS THAT AN AVALANCHE?
YES---AND SOMETHING MORE! HERE COMES KING...
KING! ISN'T THAT SMOKE COMING FROM THE MOUNTAIN? AND IT'S STILL GRUMBLING! KING! DO YOU THINK IT'S A VOLCANO ERUPTING?
NO! BUT SOMETHING NOT VERY DIFFERENT!
I THINK THOSE TWO SMOKE BOMBS I DROPPED DOWN THE SHAFT MUST HAVE SET OFF OTHER EXPLOSIVES! A SORT OF "CHAIN REACTION", THAT WON'T LEAVE ANYTHING BUT WRECKAGE INSIDE GRUMBLING MOUNTAIN WHEN IT'S DONE!